INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING

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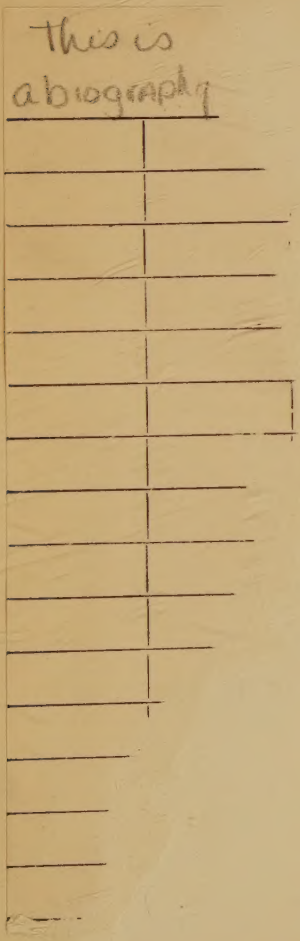
This is
a biography

CO. SCHOOL

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE

OF

GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING

By CULLOM HOLMES FARRELL

ILLUSTRATED

With scenes from the William Fox Photo-Play entitled "WHY AMERICA WILL WIN," reproducing historical events in the Life of General John J. Pershing

The actors in these scenes were chosen because of their remarkable likeness to the characters whom they portray

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INTRODUCTION

The purpose of this biography of General Pershing is to make Americans recognize in this great leader, a human being, a fellow citizen, a man among men. It is the very humanness of great men that makes their life stories a source of inspiration to all of us, and the realization is repeated again and again that success is the inevitable accompaniment of energy, tenacity of purpose, and the will to work and win. Founded on these attributes, success is ready for the laurels of fame when destiny points the way.

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The stirring incidents of General Pershing's early life, the achievements that mark his later years, the adventures that filled his military life in the service of his country, reveal to us the spirit of the man, his courage, his love of justice and liberty, his innate detestation of all forms of tyranny and oppression, and his kindliness and generosity toward his fellow men. These very characteristics are the recognized attributes of the true American citizen, a national character that has led the nation in its triumphant progress toward its high destiny in world affairs. These are the attributes of Americanism that made inevitable the participation of the United States in the great war. The American democracy, founded on the highest principles of justice and liberty, could not stand by unmoved and see the inherent rights of man trampled under oppression's foot in blood and dust.

When this story, then, has shown us the qualities of heart and mind of the leader of our armies, it is with greater affection and trust that we look upon him marching in the vanguard of the nation's sons, holding aloft the nation's mighty sword, in a glorious crusade for the freedom of the world.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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General John J. Pershing

CHAPTER I

How the Alsatian Family of Pfirsching Became the American Family of Pershing

A BOY on a galloping plough horse dashed from the market square and down the narrow street.

A shot rang out above the cries of women and the angry shouts of men in the square. The horse lurched, but recovered and kept his pace. Just ahead a squad of Landwehr wheeled into the street. They were too close for the boy to turn; he therefore used his heels vigorously on the sides of his horse and plunged at them.

Before the bewildered Landwehr could collect their wits the heavy horse was upon them, and sent them sprawling in the dust. One, quicker than his fellows, ran at the fleeing boy, reaching out to drag him from his seat. Just in time the boy, a husky lad, turned, and with all his strength struck the soldier a staggering blow in the face. Now free, he bent over the horse's neck, expecting a volley from the enraged Landwehr.

An old bewhiskered sergeant, less hasty than his men, restrained their fire.

"A fine young cockerel, that! He'll make good cannon fodder for Maria Theresa's guns. Wait until to-morrow, when we gather him in, and then, I promise, you will see some sport."

With threats that boded ill for the boy the men returned to their work, and the boy, now at the end of the street, turned into the open road that led down the valley of the Rhine.

Between the sweet-smelling fields and the river, across an old bridge that spanned the stream, and over rolling hills, the good horse, near exhaustion, galloped on. The road turned abruptly into the square of a small hamlet, flanked by low, stone houses.

Just opposite a sign that bore a weather-stained legend, "The Golden Crown," the old horse staggered, dropped to its knees and rolled over, dead. The boy managed to fall clear of the animal, and in a moment was surrounded by the venerable innkeeper and the village loungers.

Such excitement had not stirred the hamlet since Charles had been chosen emperor of the Germans. The news spread fast, and already the priest and the mayor were hurrying to the scene. The fugitive boy, well-nigh breathless, had told his brief story in hysterical haste:

"The Landwehr are coming!

"Maria Theresa has defeated the emperor and he is calling a new draft!

"In Kehl they are taking everyone from sixteen to fifty!

"They will be here to-morrow!"

At these dread tidings a silence fell upon his hearers. Too well they knew the meaning of the draft. For centuries each new king and emperor had drawn the inhabitants of the valley to fill the ranks of his armies. Only a year ago there had been a draft. Then they had taken only the cream of the country's manhood. This time they were to take the children and the fathers of families. It struck terror to the hearts of all who heard the news.

With a sinking heart the mayor urged a respect for the supreme law of the land which he was far from feeling himself. He knew well that this supreme law was vested in a man who believed that those who inhabited his dominions were created for the special purpose of gratifying his inglorious desires.

The smiling valley in which these people lived was a part of beautiful Alsace—Alsace, the battle-ground of the centuries. The Teuton hand still lay heavy on that part of the fair province which lay nearest the Rhine, although France, to which every inhabitant felt an inbred loyalty, had retaken most of the domain nearly a century before. The soldiers of the German rulers stalked about the countryside and on the streets of the towns, pushing

the natives from the walks with the insolence of their kind. There was invasion of the very homes. There would be no respite from this persecution until beloved France again could assert her mastery.

Charles, elector of Bavaria, had been elected emperor two years before, in 1742. Immediately upon assuming the throne he became jealous of the growing power of Maria Theresa, empress of Austria, and had forced a war upon her. The empress, whose influence was great in Hungary, had thrown the hordes of Magyars upon Charles. Greatly outnumbered by the forces of the empress, routed in fierce encounters, Charles had ordered every field and every village to be stripped of its men to meet new advances of the savage Magyars. This was the situation when to the little Alsatian village, in the year 1744, the boy Daniel Pfirsching raced from Kehl with the first news of the new draft.

Daniel lived with his old grandfather, Frederick Pfirsching. His father had been taken earlier by the soldiers of the emperor, and had given his life in battle. Hence it was with fear and hatred that Daniel had witnessed the taking of the boys and men of Kehl by the Landwehr. Barely sixteen years of age himself, he knew that he could not hope to escape the grasp of the usurper and that he was destined for the same fate as had befallen his father.

There was no love for Charles in Alsace. All the love of the people for their native land belonged to France. If the call had come from France, every man would have gone forth cheerfully to fight the foe.

Frederick Pfirsching, the grandfather, had lived on the west bank of the Rhine for sixty years and more. His ancestors had lived there for centuries. They had seen the time when the lilies of France had flown in the market square. They had seen the invader come and go. Who knew but he might go again?

So the grandfather was content to give his life to the humble craft which was his and had been that of the Pfirsching family for generations. He knew that Daniel was in danger; that the family would end if Daniel were taken; hence the old man, in tears, advised the boy to flee from the devastating power of the Germans. The old artisan was determined that his grandson, reared in the love of liberty and all its traditions, should not spend his life in the shadow of the tyrant's throne. From beneath a stone in the hearth he brought forth a few gold pieces which the watchful tax collector had overlooked.

"It is little, my boy," said he, "but enough to take you far from the Landwehr. Perhaps you will go to that new land, America, which I hear is free from the oppression under which one lives here.

It is possible that you or your sons will hear some day the call of our dear Alsace and that you may aid in her deliverance. Good-by, and God be with you."

With his slender fortune Daniel set forth in the night. By morning he was far away from the village and under the sunny skies of France. Remembering the advice of his grandfather, he set out for Calais. He did chores for farmers, earning a meal here and there as he traveled; for he felt sure he would need all of his little store of money to take him to that wonderful land, America.

At Calais he found that it would be impossible for him to obtain passage there for America. Only English ships plied to the English colonies. A friendly fisherman finally offered the boy passage to Dover. He worked hard for that passage, but each mile brought him nearer to the land of promise.

In England Daniel waited for weeks before he could find a ship sailing for America. When he found one, a great disappointment awaited him — the passage would cost several times the sum he possessed. Seeing his dismay, the captain agreed to take what money he had and let him work his way.

For weeks the ship labored on her way, and finally reached Baltimore. Here Daniel nearly lost heart, for the captain promptly asserted that the work he had performed on the voyage was not sufficient

to pay for his passage. In this dilemma, and to avoid return to England, Daniel agreed to be bound to a ship chandler near the docks in Baltimore for a period of three months—a system of buying the services of a person for a stated period which prevailed in the Colonies at that time. The individual thus bound became practically the slave of the purchaser for the term of service.

After three months of service Daniel Pfirsching was free to begin his own life in America—with no money, but with an iron purpose to make his way. The broken English that he had been able to acquire in these few months made it difficult for him to obtain employment; he therefore returned to the ship chandler whom he had served. Here he found a welcome and wages that permitted him to live while he was becoming more familiar with the language.

His ability and determination finally brought success and a small interest in the business for which he worked. Finding that, among his English-speaking neighbors, the name Pfirsching was a handicap, he Anglicized it into the more euphonious Pershing, and bestowed it upon a blue-eyed maid of the old colony.

Thus was founded the American family of Pershing, one of whose descendants, General John Joseph Pershing, to-day is leading the hosts of this mighty nation of the free against the oppressing Hun.

The spirit of the pioneer possessed Daniel—the finger of opportunity beckoned him westward. Selling out his business, he emigrated to what was then the Far West—Indiana County, Pennsylvania—with his wife and little family. It was a wild country, full of hostile Indians. Hardly had he created a little farm below the primitive mountain side that resembled so his beloved Alsace when the voice of that Liberty which had done so much for him called—and he was glad to answer.

CHAPTER II

His Birth in the Far West as the Civil War Is Begun

THE news that flew on the wings of the wind was the call of freedom. From mouth to mouth it spread across the sparsely settled mountains and through the valleys of the frontier. To the fertile valley where Daniel Pershing, his wife, and sturdy boys had made their home together with a few hardy pioneers of kindred spirit came the call to independence in 1776.

The people of Massachusetts had resisted the injustice of taxation without representation. The other colonies had acclaimed the deed. Delegates had been sent to form a continental congress, which should speak for the free people of a free country.

The idea that kings ruled by divine right obsessed the Teutonic king, who at that time sat upon the throne of England, the mother country, and prevented a reasonable adjustment of the dispute, which would have been possible had the saner minds of England been permitted to speak.

Thus, on July 4, 1776, with the proclamation of independence, America repudiated the yoke of

Teutonic oppression. Daniel Pershing had suffered in the old world under Teutonic oppression, so when the call came he and his sons answered.

Near by was an outpost of the enemy. Savage Indians, heretofore the common enemy, were let loose upon the settlers who championed the cause of freedom. Massacres were frequent. Pershing, a natural leader, organized the men of his region. A block-house was built, and they successfully resisted several onslaughts by the savages.

Finally there came their way the vanguard of the Continental army—the expedition against the frontier outposts of the enemy. Pershing, with his little band, joined the expedition and participated in its success; but the unprotected farm in Indiana County caused him to hasten back to its defense and prevented his taking an active part in the final victory in the East.

The war over and liberty firmly established, the Pershing family resumed their peaceful existence in the little valley. The sons married, and soon grandchildren added to the group. The years passed swiftly. At length John F. Pershing, a grandson of Daniel, found the farm in Pennsylvania too small. The valley was becoming crowded from the encroachment of civilization during twenty-five years. Possessed of the same pioneer spirit that had caused his grandfather to seek opportunity in the West, he looked to the farther West.

Railroad development was booming. Already the rails were pushing their way into the wilderness. Construction crews were a familiar sight, even to the Indians.

It was natural, perhaps that John F. Pershing should be interested in this great work of empire building. It was essentially the work of the pioneer —work that required dogged perseverance to win. He joined one of these construction crews operating in Kentucky and Tennessee. His native force, determination, and ability to control men soon made him foreman of the crew.

In the Tennessee foothills he met the beautiful Ann Thompson. A new work was calling him to far Missouri, and, after a very brief courtship, he persuaded her to marry him and spend their honeymoon in a construction camp, with all the hardships that this entailed.

The work upon which John F. Pershing was engaged was that of building a line of the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad. The rails had been extended to within about three miles of the small town of Laclede, Missouri, when preparations had to be made for the birth of a child in the Pershing family.

There were no conveniences in the construction camp and no doctor nearer than Laclede. It was decided to remove Mrs. Pershing at once to that town. This was accomplished with one of the rough wagons used to haul supplies for the railroad, drawn by two Missouri mules.

Fortunately there was a house ready to receive Mrs. Pershing. There the doctor was summoned; and in this humble and primitive abode the present commander of the American forces now fighting in France to crush the Hun and his brutal creed first saw the light. His proud father and mother decided that he should be known as John Joseph Pershing. He was born September 13, 1860.

His rugged constitution and dogged determination are a heritage from his parents. His love of freedom and hatred of oppression were inbred for generations. His mother sprang from a stock as sturdy as was that of her husband. There was strength in her frame and in her character, but withal a certain gentleness that created a strong bond of sympathy between her and her quiet though determined son.

Throughout all the years that the boy struggled to gain an education and a start on the highroad of life, the understanding between the mother and son never flagged. There were times when she sought to restrain the ambition that led to excess of study, but in the end she always gave way, assured that, after all, he was right. Never for a moment was their relation of entire sympathy and affection strained or altered.

The lives of many really great men of history—especially American history—have had their beginning in much the same fashion. Born amidst hardships and privations, a never-ceasing struggle to

obtain an education—obstacles to overcome and final victory due to dogged perseverance. So were the lives of Napoleon, of Lincoln, of Grant—of many another famous in history.

The future general's father, after establishing the mother and her son in a house in Laclede, went back to his work on the railroad. Finally the last spike was driven at Hannibal, the terminus. The Hannibal & St. Joseph since has become a small link in the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, one of the mighty railway systems of the country; but at that time it was a very important road. Its terminal at St. Joseph was the gateway to the Far West. Here outfits were made up for the great pilgrimage. California was the goal of many of the pioneers, and it is probable that John F. Pershing had that golden country in mind as his final destination when the birth of his son prevented further migration.

Upon the completion of his task the railroad constructor returned to Laclede, and, investing his savings in a general store, decided to make Missouri his home. The store was a profitable venture. It was the only one in town, and every need of the inhabitants was supplied by it. The business grew and prospered, and Pershing was compelled to employ help in running it and in operating the small farm that he had taken on the outskirts of the town.

In Missouri, during the early 60's, was reflected

and magnified the political strife that was beginning to shake the nation. South Carolina had fired upon the Stars and Stripes, and the great war of the North and South was flaming across the country.

In Laclede a majority of the inhabitants were southern sympathizers; but, while the elder Pershing openly asserted his allegiance to the cause of the Union, he still held the personal friendship and the respect of the more influential citizens. Indeed, he had their trust to such an extent that, by common consent, he was the banker of the community, and all the money in town was frequently in his hands.

Notwithstanding that his neighbors respected the political views of Pershing, numerous bands of bushwhackers, those lawless raiders of the state who professed allegiance to the Confederacy but actually exercised it toward neither side, sent him warning that they were coming after him to stop "his damned Yankee talk." Pershing laughed at the warning and waited to see what they would do.

CHAPTER III

The General's First Taste of War Was at the Early Age of Four

EVER present about the little Missouri town of Laclede was the flag of the Confederacy. Mrs. Pershing, mother of the future general, could not bear to see this flag and be unable to fly the Stars and Stripes. Nowhere for miles around was there such a flag—nothing but the Stars and Bars could be had. Mrs. Pershing obtained surreptitiously one of these Confederate emblems, and from it, with her own hands, she fashioned the Stars and Stripes. Her husband erected a tall pole in front of the house and flung the new flag to the breeze as an answer to the warning of the bush whackers.

That afternoon the young storekeeper saw one of the disreputable characters of the region, known as "Uncle Billy," approaching. Uncle Billy cocked an eye at the home-made Union emblem.

"I see you-all got a flag up."

"Yes," was the reply; "that is my flag."

"Well, the boys hereabouts don't like that flag. They don't mean no trouble, but they say that flag has got to come down; so if you-all don't take it

down they're coming around to-night and take it down themselves."

"Well," was the answer, "it's mighty kind of you to let me know; but you tell those boys that if they come they had better bring their coffins with 'em."

The old man hurried away and Pershing went into the store and called his two assistants. He thought they were loyal to both himself and the Union, but he had to be sure. He put the question plainly to them—told them that very likely there would be a raid that very night.

"Of course we'll stand by you," they answered; so, after leaving instructions with them, he hastened up to the house, where his wife and the younger children, who had witnessed his talk with Uncle Billy, were anxiously waiting.

Mrs. Pershing refused to leave her husband's side, and together they prepared the house for a siege.

Little John, now nearly four years old, was out in the village square drilling the children of the town in imitation of the great armies that were fighting in the nearby states. Even at this time the future general was showing the qualities of leadership that afterward made him famous.

The thunder of hoofs on the road called a halt in the drill. There was a loud cry, "The raiders!" and away the children scampered to the shelter of their homes.

Little Jack Pershing was left alone; but, having heard his parents speak of the raiders, he hurried away to carry the news. His father's men were already at the house when he ran in. The shutters were being put up; Jack may have been in his father's way when he insisted upon having his little gun that he, too, might shoot. His mother nearly broke his heart when she took him and his brother and sister and deposited them in one of the dark closets for safe keeping.

The raiders rode up with a scattering volley. Captain Holtzclaw, the leader called upon the storekeeper to take down his flag. Pershing replied with a shot that killed the captain.

Discretion being the better part of valor, the raiders retired to the shadow of some great cottonwood trees and began a steady fire upon the doors and shuttered windows of the house. All night long the siege was maintained. The other inhabitants of Laclede believed their own safety was the first consideration, and kept fearfully to their homes.

Toward morning the raiders, thinking to take the defenders off their guard, prepared to storm the house. It was the intense darkness just before dawn. Not a shot had been fired for nearly an hour, and each raider, lying in the deepest shadow he could find, awaited the signal.

Just at this moment the long, piercing whistle

of a train on the Hannibal & St. Joseph road awoke the echoes.

If the reader knows how every dweller in a remote village looks forward to the arrival of a train, how they set their watches by it, and are greatly concerned by its non-arrival; how an unexpected train causes great wonderment and speculation—he can realize the bewilderment that this unexpected train whistle caused in the little town of Laclede nearly sixty years ago. Trains ran seldom at best, and a train at this time of the morning was a thing unheard of. Even the raiders stopped in their tracks and listened.

The Pershings, their eyes intent on the movement of a shadow, wondered whether this had anything to do with their present predicament. Whether it had or not, it aroused the raiders, who, with a wild rebel yell, rushed the house. A stout fence rail in the hands of several men was fast battering in the door. Pershing knew it would only be a matter of minutes when they would be hand to hand with the foe.

Suddenly the terrific clamor at the door ceased. The little household heard new cries on the road and the noise of their late antagonists hurrying away to the accompaniment of a heavy volley. Knowing that relief had come, they took down the bars to the doors and hastened out. It was a glad sight that awaited them, for the first thing that

met their eyes was the Stars and Stripes in the hands of an officer in the long-unfamiliar uniform of the Union forces.

Before Pershing could express his thanks to the commander, a little form pushed past him and was saluting the captain in the way he had been taught. It was little John Pershing, who had escaped from the dark closet. The little voice piped:

"Are you a 'merican officer?"

The officer with a smile returned his salute and assured him that his assumption was right.

"Well, I'm going to be one, too, when I grow up," asserted the youngster.

His mother attempted to take him, but Jack clung to the captain until the latter departed with his men.

This troop was the vanguard of that Union army which was to wipe out the bushwhackers and restore order in the state of Missouri. They had arrived in Laclede that morning upon a train of flat cars. Hearing the shots of the raiders, they had investigated and rescued the Pershings. This incident of the raiders was the only one of its kind that the town of Laclede was to experience during the Civil War.

The memory of those days, when the strife of the North and South threatened to disrupt the country, can be but vague with the General Pershing

of to-day. Perhaps, however, on some battlefield when the fate of the world is in the balance, the impression of that first cheer for the flag for whose glory Pershing has spent his life may become a sub-conscious inspiration.

As a matter of fact, there have been only brief intervals in his life when fighting did not figure.

The Civil War was hardly over when the disorder of the country invited outbreaks by those Indians who had been pressed back by the swift approaches of civilization. In 1868 the Cherokees not only came to the very door of Laclede, but at times were so bold as to raid the town. The boys of the place, under the leadership of John Pershing, had organized a company, which now would be known as Boy Scouts. Their purpose was to keep guard over the village and sound an alarm should an Indian raid be threatened. As with all boys, however, it seemed to be their luck that every time one of the raids occurred they were either asleep in bed or at school. One day, however, luck appeared to be with them, for over the hills came running their sentinel crying:

"The Indians are coming — the Indians are coming!"

CHAPTER IV

His First Fight with "Indians"; Days in the Little Schoolhouse

THE day for which John Pershing and his little band of boy scouts in Laclede had long waited was at hand. Their opportunity had come—but it found them wanting. For, with the exception of their dauntless young commander, every one of them immediately took to his heels.

"Halt!" shouted the future general, waving his wooden sword. The bravery of their captain shamed the others, and the panic was stopped, though each boy was shaking in his boots. From strategic positions behind the trees they waited.

The enemy came, but not the enemy they were expecting. It seems that Tom Higginbotham, who was acting as sentinel, had found that waiting for Indians who never came was a tedious job. For sport he had organized a rival company from among the colored children of the town and persuaded them to attack the others. When all was ready, he had run down and given the false alarm.

The dark-skinned warriors, armed with broomsticks, advanced. When Jack's company realized the hoax that had been played on them, stones

began to fly in earnest, and the fight ended in a free-for-all. Hard-hitting Jack himself decided the victory for his company.

The casualties of this historic battle of Laclede were heavy. Not one combatant escaped unscratched. The mothers of the town sat up late that night to mend torn trousers and jackets. Gory noses were proudly displayed. The hero pose never had appealed to Jack, however, and he went home by a roundabout route to escape undue curiosity.

As was natural, many a home whipping resulted from this bloody fray. Many a hickory switch dusted the back of the howling progeny of Laclede. Jack's father, however, was built on different lines. When he saw the torn clothes and the cut face of his son, he merely smiled.

"Fighting, eh? Well, it will make a man of you. But never let anyone say that he has licked you."

Upon Jack, who had braced himself for the expected whipping, these words made a deep impression, and the thought of them has carried him to victory through many a fight in the face of serious odds.

Little John Pershing was now about eight years of age, and, with his younger brother, Jim, was a pupil of the "old red schoolhouse." John was a real boy. Mark Twain has painted a vivid picture of the real boy as he lived in a Missouri town at

about this period. Jack lived about the same sort of life in general as did Tom Sawyer. He played "hookey" from school. He had all the small boy's troubles and he met them in the same way. He had all the necessary fights, but they were never the fights of a bully. He even raided the orchards and the melon fields of the neighborhood.

A story is still told in Laclede of one of these raids:

Charles Bigger, a schoolmate, approached Jack early one evening.

"Old man Temple has a field of watermelons that are so long," said he, indicating with his arms a melon of stupendous size.

"There is n't a melon on earth that big," returned Jack, unconvinced.

"You come with me to-night and I'll show you," said Charley.

Jack, being from Missouri, was willing to be shown.

That night after mother had tucked the children in and father had put out the lights and gone to bed, Jack got up very quietly, pulled on his trousers over his nightshirt—no boy in a Missouri town would have dreamed of wearing shoes while the weather was warm enough to go without them—slipped out of the window, and jumped off the low kitchen roof.

Charley Bigger was waiting for him in the shadow of the cottonwood trees. Silently they made their way down the moonlit road to the open country.

They "shinned" over the snake-fence and tiptoed and crept past the house of the farmer and into the melon patch. The melons, sure enough, were the largest that either of the boys ever had seen, and each selected one of the best.

Now, any water melon is a good-sized load for a small boy, and these were all they could carry; hence, as they made their way back, they could not step as carefully as they had on their way down. A twig snapped with a loud noise just as they passed the chicken house. Immediately a loud cackling arose among the hens.

"That'll wake old man Temple," whispered Charley; "we'd better run."

And run he did; but Jack, after taking all that trouble, did n't wish to lose his precious melon. Lights appeared in the house and the figure of Farmer Temple in the doorway with a gun.

At that moment poor Charley, not seeing the fence in his haste, crashed full against it. The melon smashed all over him, but the boy managed to scramble over the fence and out of danger.

"Stop!" yelled the angry farmer, menacing with his gun.

Jack, still hugging his melon, stopped. The farmer approached and looked down at the boy.

"Well, if it ain't John Pershing's boy," he exclaimed, "and after my melons, too. I thought it was one of those darned chicken thieves."

He looked over toward the fence where Charley had smashed his melon.

"And the little cuss did n't run, either, when I came with the gun. Well, sonny, you just take that melon and toddle along, and any time you want another, you come right to Joe Temple and he will pick a good one for you."

So Jack lugged his melon out on the road where the scared Charley had been watching the proceedings from the shadows. In silence they proceeded to eat the melon. When they had finished Charley, who seemed to have something on his mind, blurted out:

"Gee! I wish I was brave like you."

Next morning the story of Jack's exploit spread through the school. From the school it spread over town and finally reached the ears of Jack's father. That night Jack did receive a whipping, for his father never countenanced night raids on his neighbors' property.

Mrs. Ann Thompson Pershing instilled into the minds of her children at an early age deep reverence for the Almighty. The Pershing family were regular attendants at the Methodist Episcopal church in Laclede, and every Sunday it was the custom for John and the other children to attend Sunday school and remain for the regular church service. These teachings were to remain always a part of the life of the future general. It is probable that his

boyish mind idealized some of the more heroic characters of the Old Testament and that he patterned his life after these—together with George Washington, his favorite historical hero.

Jack never was what is termed a brilliant scholar. That is, he absorbed his knowledge slowly. But what he did learn after hours of study was retained. His mother was the faithful companion of his study. Often she would protest against the persistence with which he kept at a difficult problem. Young Jack, however, never would give up until he conquered. The same qualities were then displayed that made him the supreme commander of the American army in its most critical hour.

The chairman of the school board, on a periodical visit to examine the school, as a special reward for proficiency, announced that a handsomely bound copy of the life of George Washington would be offered for the best solution of a certain problem. As the offer of a prize was unusual, there was great excitement while the teacher wrote the following on the blackboard:

"If sound moves at the rate of 1,142 feet per second, and the pulsations of the human body are seventy per minute, what is the distance of a cloud if twenty pulsations occur between the time of seeing the lightning and hearing of the thunder?"

A gasp of consternation came from the pupils. This was entirely beyond the comprehension of

most of them. Only a few even took the trouble to copy the problem and attempt its solution. Jack Pershing was one of these. He only smiled when some of his friends suggested that the problem was a hoax and that there could be no solution.

"There must be a solution," he said, "to every problem.

Immediately after supper Jack went to his room and began his work. Bedtime came and Jack was still at it. His mother, now accustomed to her son's determination, did not disturb him. At midnight there was still a light in his room.

"Just an hour more, mother," was his plea when his mother urged him to stop and go to bed.

CHAPTER V

Washington Was His Model; His Ambition Was the Bar

In the morning Jack Pershing came down to breakfast tired, but happy. He had solved the problem in that last hour. It was a proud mother who sent him off to school that day. It was the big day of the school year. The chairman and the examining board would be there. Friends and relatives would be present to hear the accomplishments of the pupils.

The customary exercises passed without a hitch. The event of the day, however, was still to come. Everyone was eagerly waiting to see who would win the coveted problem prize. At last the chairman rose.

"As you all know," said he, "there is to be a prize awarded to-day. This prize is particularly significant—a copy of the life of our first President, George Washington. His life was an example of diligence and perseverance. These traits are sure to be possessed by the scholar who wins this prize. I now call upon you for answers to the problem on the blackboard."

In the silence that followed the boys and girls

all looked around to see who would have the courage to respond. Jack waited until it was evident that he was the only one who could even attempt an answer. He arose, He had felt so confident before, but now his knees were beginning to tremble as he stood in the presence of the board.

"Please, sir," his voice wavered as he spoke, "I know the answer."

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The chairman, pleased that here was one at least who could make an answer, encouraged him. Jack continued:

"If sound travels at the rate of 1,142 feet per second and the pulsations of the human body are seventy per minute, the distance of a cloud if twenty pulsations occur between the time of seeing a lightning flash and hearing the thunder is—five miles two hundred and forty-six feet and eight inches."

The answer Jack blurted out and hurriedly sank back into his seat amid the applause of the school.

The chairman, in another speech, congratulated the boy and ended by presenting him with the book —the life of George Washington. Then, like a bolt from the blue, the youthful winner heard these words:

"John, can't you make us a little speech?"

There is nothing that the average small boy dreads more than to speak in public. John was no exception; but there seemed no way open to a refusal. Slowly he rose. He turned toward where

his mother was sitting, and her smile and her moving lips gave him the support he needed. He could see her lips shaping the words that he could use, and, with this to help, he began:

"I'm sorry you all did n't win a prize, too. I—I—I'm much obliged. I'm going to grow up like George Washington."

These happy years at school were fast slipping by. The Pershing children at this time were John, Jim, May, and Bess. The elder Pershing in his general store had found a gold mine. H. C. Lomax, who was Mr. Pershing's clerk in the store, and is still living as president of the bank in Laclede, is the authority for the statement that John F. Pershing was one of the wealthiest men in the state of Missouri. It was estimated that he was worth at least $100,000—a fair fortune even now, but then an unusual one.

Mr. Pershing was an acknowledged leader in all business enterprises and had the respect of everyone in the state. As an investment he considered the fields of Missouri the best that could be found, and he began to extend his holdings in farm lands.

He thought it best that during summer vacations his boys be given a training for their future lives. He had no thought but that they would follow in his footsteps and become small-town merchants and farmers. Accordingly he sent Jack and Jim to his farms to work during the summer months. It was

the kind of work that builds up the body and makes men. Pershing, with all his money, did not believe in coddling his children.

There was a marked difference between the boys —John was sober, slow, and industrious; Jim was always ready for a frolic, always ready at the first opportunity to drop all work and go fishing. John, even then, was beginning to make plans for his future which differed from those of his father. These ambitions he had kept carefully hidden in his own breast. They were clear, well-developed hopes that he had in mind. He had big ideas of life, and the means of accomplishing them by using properly the mental and physical strength that God had given him. The boy who had the potential power to stir the world when the time came—that boy was going to be ready to grasp his opportunity when it presented itself.

The field of opportunity was not large in the small town of Laclede. The boy had had no chance to see the world, the larger method of development. The greatest chance, in his eyes, seemed to lie in the law. With the hope, therefore, that some day, by diligence, he could make a great lawyer of himself, he utilized every opportunity to study. Working hard all day in the fields and studying at night was John Pershing's record during those summers in the early 70's.

With the coming of fall the brothers came back

to town. As in every country village, there were hay rides and parties; and the Pershing boys were getting old enough to be invited to these. Jim did manage to inveigle John into attending several; but John was not a "ladies' man." He was always rather shy in the presence of girls.

Another sidelight on the character of the future general—he had the reputation of being fastidious about his clothes. Not that he was a dandy or that his clothes were unusual in cut or color; but his clothes were always neat and well pressed.

Miss May Pershing, the general's sister, relates the story of how her brother John was accustomed to put his Sunday clothes between the mattresses in order to keep them in their proper creases. Jim never was able to keep a suit in shape for any length of time; and, as a result, he was always trying to borrow something of John. But John insisted that he must learn to take care of his own.

About this time a pretty eastern girl was visiting relatives in Laclede. She was the belle of the town during her stay, and Jim was one of the most eager seekers for her smiles. At last there seemed an opportunity for Jim to call on the young lady when the usual crowd of admirers would be absent. There was to be a revival meeting in the Methodist church, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Sidebotham. The Pershing family, being devout Methodists, expected to attend, as did nearly everyone else in town.

It was during the progress of this meeting that Jim was to have the pleasure of calling on the girl.

When he went to lay out his best clothes in preparation for the happy event, he found that, as usual, they were in a sad state. He was in despair until he remembered that John would not be at home until late that evening and would not miss his clothes if he should use them. Carefully he took the suit from between the mattresses, put it on, and cheerfully proceeded up the street to the house where the girl was a guest.

Unfortunately, John did come home. He had finished his work early and had hurried to attend the revival meeting with his mother. Of course it would not do for him to go in his working clothes, so he rushed upstairs to dress. He lifted the mattress —his clothes were gone. It did not take long for him to guess the culprit and the purpose for which the clothes were being used. With a grim smile he stalked out of the house.

Jim, very self-conscious but happy, was seated on a stiff horse-hair chair, awkwardly holding a big family album, while on another chair sat an extremely pretty maid demurely turning the pages of the album in the accustomed manner of entertaining a "gentleman caller" of these days in rural Missouri.

Suddenly, with a loud thumping on the porch, the angry John entered and confronted the startled pair.

CHAPTER VI

In Poverty, the Future General Teaches in a Negro School

JOHN PERSHING stood before his brother, who had borrowed his best suit to call upon the pretty girl sitting there with bewilderment in her eyes. Jim did not know exactly what to expect; but he knew John, and knew he deserved all he would receive at his hands. At the same time, he did n't wish to be shamed before the girl. So he managed to ask, in as casual a tone as he could assume:

"Do you want anything, John?"

The answer came with a snap:

"Yes, I want you, and I want my suit—and I want it right away."

And, grasping his brother by the ear, he marched him out of the room. Jim could hear the giggles of the girl as he left, and knew that all chances for her favor were gone.

"Off with those clothes!" said John when they reached home. "Put them away just as you found them, and come down stairs."

Down stairs John was waiting for the culprit. It was too late for the revival meeting—that was

nearly over—but John intended to teach Jim a lesson. A severe thrashing impended—but this the arrival of his parents with the revivalist, the Rev. Mr. Sidebotham, prevented.

The summer of 1875 brought a drought. No rain fell—the black loam of Missouri crumbled to powder. Few seeds that had been put in the earth that spring sprouted, and those that came up quickly withered.

No crops were raised in Missouri or Kansas that year. Farmers nearly starved, and those in the towns who depended upon the money the farmers spent had nearly as hard a time.

The elder Pershing had many acres of Missouri farm land. Ordinarly they were the best investment he could have made, even with the mortgages which were on them. The interest on the mortgages was only a small part of what the farms produced, and it was considered better business for a man to have a large acreage with a mortgage than a small farm free. Consequently, when the drought came Pershing was caught. One after another his mortgages were foreclosed. His general store, which had made his fortune, was sold under the hammer—everything he owned except the home was lost.

John F. Pershing, undaunted by his misfortune, resolved to start anew and make as big a success as he had before. There was nothing in Laclede

left for him to do—very little for anyone. Pershing took stock of the family resources. There was only fifteen dollars and his watch. He decided to go to Kansas City and look for work.

Young John, big and husky for his age, felt sure that he could find enough work around the town to support the family while his father was away. With his assurance the elder Pershing, leaving five dollars of his little capital, departed for Kansas City and a fresh start in life.

With the determination that he put into his search for work it was not long before he found it; but during that period his funds ran so low that he was compelled to put up his watch as security for his board. The position he obtained was that of a traveling salesman. This paid a very small salary at first, so son John still had his opportunity to aid in the support of the family.

In that part of Laclede known as "Nigger-town" there had been a school ever since Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation. The maintenance of this school was required by law, but the post of teacher never was eagerly sought.

Hearing of the school board's difficulty in obtaining a teacher, John resolved to try for the position. He called upon the chairman and made such a strong application that he was appointed. Never before had a boy as young been considered capable of teaching a school, but the board was familiar

with the scholarly qualities of John Pershing. They knew that he had the determination to win—that he would overcome all the hardships of the difficult post and would make good. John took charge of his school for the term of 1876-77.

It is to be remembered that young John Pershing was braving public opinion when he undertook to teach in a negro school. The town of Laclede still had the same southern atmosphere that it had during the war. It was not considered fitting that a white man should perform such a personal service as teaching negroes. Hence the task called for great fortitude.

He soon began to realize what a difficult problem he had undertaken. His late schoolmates would congregate at the windows and distrub the sessions of the school. They would hang around until school was dismissed and call "Nigger! Nigger!" This petty persecution only made John persevere the harder to achieve the result for which he was striving. The climax came one day when a certain "rough" boy of the town entered the school while John was conducting a class. Trouble seemed imminent. John felt that he would lose the respect of his scholars were he to enter into a fight in the schoolroom. The only thing he could do was to try to make the young man feel ashamed of himself, so he said:

"Abraham Lincoln conferred upon the colored

race the privilege of education. When everyone else refused, I undertook to teach them. Please leave and permit me to continue with the instruction that will make these people worthy of citizenship that has been conferred upon them."

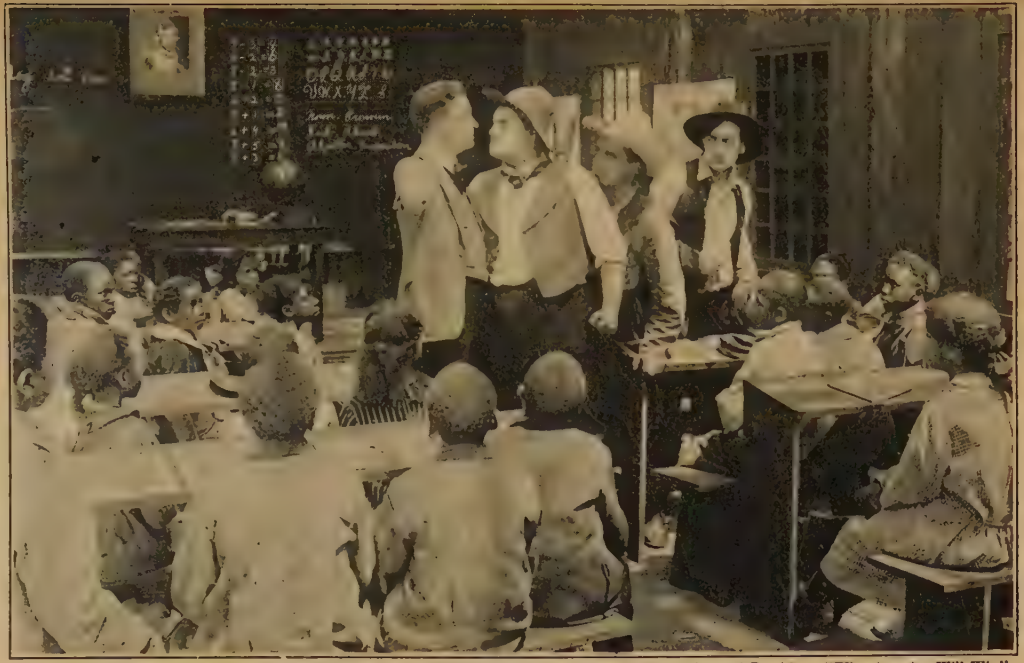
The logic of this was unanswerable, and the bully left the school abashed. John did not have much trouble with the boys after this, but he could tell by the attitude of the public that they still did not approve his position.

However, John remained throughout the term, as the pay, although not large, was sufficient to provide for his mother and the rest of the family.

His father was making good as a traveling salesman, and soon began to send home a sum sufficient for their support. Then the mother insisted that John relinquish his position at the end of the term and continue his studies.

During the summer John did study hard, but the love of his work was in his blood. He had had one experience with it and was resolved to work again as soon as he could fittingly prepare himself for it.

There was a normal school at Kirksville, about seventy-five miles from Laclede. A normal school in those days had the same standing as a state college or university. It was the goal of every boy's ambition to go to the Normal. John hardly dared breathe this ambition to his mother. He



Scene from the William Fox photoplay of the life of General Pershing: "Why America Will Win"

John Pershing brings to shame a bully who attempts to discredit him and his position as teacher in a negro school

did not believe the family finances could stand the additional expense. When Charley Spurgeon, a boy of about the same age who lived directly across the street from the Pershings, came in one evening full of the news that he was going to the Normal that term, Mrs. Pershing saw reflected in John's face his own great wish to go.

Without saying anything to her son, Mrs. Pershing wrote to her husband, and the encouraging letter she received in reply made her resolve to send John to Kirksville at all costs.

It was a happy boy who packed his few belongings and set out for the Normal School on September 15, 1878, with his friend Charley Spurgeon. He felt that at last he had set his foot on the ladder that leads to success. Young John Pershing knew the value of application, and he made the best use of his time while at Kirksville. It took him longer to work out a problem to his own satisfaction than it did many of his fellows, but he never quit when he had the apparent solution; it had to be proven from all angles so at the Normal John had the reputation of being a hard student, and his marks there show that he was.

Kirksville was and still is a co-educational institution, and it was difficult for even so hard a student, and one so shy in the presence of the fair sex, to keep entirely out of the social life.

On Hallowe'en Charley Spurgeon, provoked at

John's refusals to accompany him to previous parties, taunted him with actually being afraid of the girls. John, to prove that this was not the case, decided to go to this one. It was a Hallowe'en party of the old-fashioned kind—with taffy-pulling, corn-popping, and bobbing for apples in a tub of water. At first John's diffidence kept him aloof from the merrymakers, but Charley dragged him to the tub—where stood the pretty Lottie Spencer.

Down on his knees went the future general.

CHAPTER VII

Pershing, Again a School Teacher, Meets and Conquers the Bully

WHEN John Pershing went down on his knees with pretty Lottie Spencer before the tub of water bobbing for apples at the Hallowe'en party he was entirely ignorant of the finer points of the game through lack of practice.

Perhaps it was the unaccustomed proximity of the fair face so close to him that embarrassed him; perhaps he went after the elusive apple too strenuously. At any rate, the two heads bumped together, the owners lost their balance, and into the water went the heads.

The pair arose amid the laughter of the others. The incident had broken the ice for John, and he entered into the spirit of the festivities. The same incident seemed also to have conquered his shyness with girls—at least for one particular girl, for it was some time later in the evening that the company missed John and Lottie and started a search for them. Out on the porch in the moonlight they were found, All things sentimental were subject to jest in that merry throng, who immediately threw cold water on this budding

romance of John's. It was to be many years before he permitted his fancy to fix itself again on any particular girl.

For the remainder of his term at the Normal John applied himself industriously to his studies. He was so successful that he was graduated from Kirksville on June 15, 1880, with the degree of B.A.

He returned home resolved to study law at the first opportunity.

The fortunes of the Pershing family were again in the ascendant. The father, with the same grit that he had shown in carving out one fortune for himself, was rapidly accumulating another. He was considered one of the best salesmen in the west, and it is estimated that he was making then the unusual sum of $7,000 a year.

It is worthy of note that one of the presents his father sent to John upon his graduation was a pair of kid gloves—the first he had owned. These gloves were a prized possession. It will be recalled that he was extremely careful about his dress, and the kid gloves fitted in with his idea of what was proper for a young man to wear when attired in his "best."

Wishing to be independent while studying law, John looked around for a position. He heard that the town of Prairie Mound, about nine miles from Laclede, would need a teacher for its school the next term. He was already familiar with that

work. He therefore, asked "Doc" Spurgeon, the father of his old roommate, Charley, for a letter of introduction to old "Cap" Henley, superintendent of the school there.

"Of course, I'll give you a letter," said the doctor, though he smiled as he looked at the gloves which John was wearing. "But I'll tell you one thing. Don't wear those gloves when you see the old man. He don't like gloves a darn bit."

John promised to take off his gloves before he interviewed the superintendent.

The Pershings did not own a horse, but they had a coal-black jackass which they used when they made short trips.

Prairie Mound, being nine miles distant, was too far for John to walk, so he saddled the jackass and, with Charley Spurgeon mounted on a similar steed of different color, he made the journey. On his way he had to ford what was known as Turkey Creek. This little stream at the time was higher than usual and there was no bridge. Half-way across John's steed balked. Nothing the rider could do would move the animal. It began to slip off into a hole; still it stubbornly refused to move.

The water had reached John's feet and was coming still higher. There was every prospect that he would be drenched before he could apply for his position—and this was an occasion when he wished to appear especially neat. He climbed

on top of the saddle and stood there while the water was rising higher and higher. Charley, though highly amused at the predicament of his friend, came to his rescue, tied the bridle of his mule to that of John's animal, and dragged them both from the stream. With the exception of a few splashes John was as neat as ever.

When the steeple of the Prairie Mound church came into view John, who was still wearing his gloves, remembered "Doc" Spurgeon's advice, removed them, and placed them in his pocket.

His interview with "Cap" Henley was entirely satisfactory, and John, when he left the superintendent's office, knew that he was to teach the school there for the next term. Just as he was leaving, however, the old man said:

"I'm glad you don't wear any of those new-fangled kid gloves. The last young feller we had here had a sort of partiality for them, and that was one of the reasons we had to let him out."

That winter John Pershing made his home with an uncle, William Griffith, who had a farm near Prairie Mound.

The life of a teacher, even in this school where the atmosphere was so different from that of the colored school in which John had taught in Laclede, was no sinecure, as he soon discovered. The children were very unruly—owing perhaps to a lack of discipline by previous teachers. He saw

that he would have to take strenuous measures or he soon would be in the position of submitting to his own pupils.

Among the older boys was one who, by reason of his size and fractious disposition, had assumed the position of ringleader in all the deviltry. It took some time, naturally, for the new teacher to become acquainted with this fact; but, when he did, it was easy to put a stop to the lawlessness that kept the school in a turmoil.

It was during a history lesson one afternoon. John, with his inborn love of country, always took great delight in expounding to his pupils the glorious story of how our forefathers fought for and obtained their rights and their independence. In the midst of an impassioned speech the bully of the school saw a particularly good opportunity to create a diversion. A stray dog had crept unnoticed into the schoolroom. It sniffed inquiringly at several of the children and made its way to the bully. Grinning like the young savage he was, he kicked the mongrel, howling, up the aisle.

Now, if there was anything that John Pershing detested it was cruelty to animals. Dogs especially were his favorites and he could not bear to have them mistreated.

This was the time for action. John called the offender before him. The bully, confident that his size prevented any punishment, replied:

"Come an' get me."

John went and got him. Jerking him to his feet with a grip the young ruffian could not break, the young teacher severely chastised him and put him out of school.

The surprised youth yelled back vindictively: "Wait till my father gets you and you'll see who's boss."

John proceeded in peace in the now subdued school and thought he had settled the question of discipline.

The bully, however, had a father who was built along the same lines as his son, and the distorted story told by the latter was such as to make him seek revenge on the man who had punished the boy.

As John neared the schoolhouse the following morning he noticed that all of the pupils were waiting outside. This was unusual, and he hurried to find out the cause. As he came closer he saw the figure of a big, burly man, whose stiff red whiskers and hair gave him a fierce aspect, seated on a horse with a gun in his hand. John immediately recalled the threat of the young bully, and rightly concluded that this was the father who was going to "show him who was boss." But he never was one to shirk when there was trouble in sight. The man was several times his size and he had a gun, but odds made no difference to John.

When the red-haired man caught sight of the teacher he raised his gun.

CHAPTER VIII

Teacher Pershing Decides to Compete for West Point

THIS was the first time in the life of John Pershing that he, who was afterward to face hostile millions, had a gun pointed at him with murderous intent. He met fearlessly the gaze of the father of the school bully whom he expelled the day before.

"You're the skunk that licked my boy?" shouted the man, beside himself with rage.

"I don't want any trouble with you, sir," said young Pershing calmly. "I ejected your boy because he was unruly, and he can stay away until he learns to conduct himself as a student should."

"Well, I came to show you that you can't boss me and mine around like that," replied the man, still covering the teacher with his weapon.

"Then put down that gun and fight like a man," said John, making a sudden spring and twisting the gun from the hands of the astonished man. He knew the effect of a surprise, and the man, bewildered by the unexpected attack, was quickly pulled from his horse.

"Punch him, Dad!" called the young bully from

the outskirts of the crowd, where he was hiding to witness the outcome of the affair.

"Dad," with the bellow of a bull, rushed his assailant and sought to get him in those big arms of his. John, realizing that he would stand little chance at close quarters, avoided the rush and, as the big man lunged by, planted a fist in his face. Blinded by the blow, the man turned and rushed again—with the same result. Finding he could accomplish nothing by these tactics, he stood up to Pershing, his arms flying like flails as he tried to reach the elusive youth. It was a battle of blind rage against a cool, collected determination to make every blow count; and as usual, the latter won. Watching his opportunity, Pershing landed a heavy blow on the chin of his antagonist, who sank heavily to the ground, dead to the world.

Pershing was not particularly elated over this victory, save that it proved to him that with determination he could win out in the physical side of life, even against heavy odds. He turned to his pupils, who were eyeing their teacher with the respectful admiration of the small boy for a hero, and ordered them into the schoolhouse. Nothing could have impressed them more strongly than did this encounter that he was determined to have discipline.

When the last of the children had disappeared into the building Pershing turned to the man, who

Scene from the William Fox photoplay of the life of General Pershing: "Why America Will Win"

Young Pershing, the school teacher, establishes discipline in the schoolroom by chastising the pugnacious father of an unruly pupil

was beginning to regain consciousness. He grinned sheepishly as he sat up.

"Well, young feller," he said, "I wouldn't have thought you had it in you. I guess that boy of mine has been pretty rambunctious and I reckon he got just what was coming to him."

He turned to his son, who, seeing how the wind blew, was trying to escape from the scene.

"You go on back into that school and if I hear of any more cutting up I want the teacher to lick you good, and when you come home I'll whale you myself."

When the young teacher entered the schoolroom there was silence, but upon the blackboard was this sentence:

"Teacher is the boss here."

Pershing pretended not to see this writing, but he smiled to himself with a feeling of security in the knowledge that never again in that school was he to have trouble which would make it impossible to accomplish what he had been sent there to do.

"Cap" Henley and the school board heard of the affair and congratulated themselves upon having secured not only a teacher but a man.

Still John applied himself to his books after the day's work was done. He had begun to read law, and found this one of the most difficult of all subjects to master by himself. It is not unlikely that

the world would have lost a great soldier while gaining a brilliant lawyer had not John Pershing seen this announcement in the *Laclede Lancet*, the little weekly paper that each week was sent to him by his mother:

> On July 15 there will be a competitive examination for the appointment of a cadet at the United States Military Academy at West Point. All honest, strong, God-fearing boys of this district may take part.
>
> J. H. Burroughs.
>
> *Member of Congress, Second District.*

At first this announcement did not make any particular impression on Pershing. There was no indication then that the United States government ever would be in need of his services as a soldier. The mantle of peace appeared to have settled over the country for an indefinite period.

The matter stuck in his mind, however; and, finally, he concluded it would do no harm to make inquiries about it. He knew that the Military Academy was a noted educational institution, and this fact alone was interesting to a boy of his temperament. He went down to Trenton, the home of Congressman Burroughs, to see him. Mr. Burroughs welcomed him and told him many interesting things about West Point. Seeing what a fine manly fellow this was, the congressman felt that he would feel proud to have John represent

him there. He pointed out to his visitor that it was the duty of every man to serve his country if he was able to do so. Instinctively John felt this, but the way of his duty never before had been pointed out in such fashion. He now resolved that, if possible, he would win that examination, go to West Point, and give all that was in him to the service of the land of his birth. With this decision he returned home and began to prepare for the competition.

Mrs. Pershing at first, naturally enough, was reluctant to see him enter the army, as she much preferred to have him near her. At the same time she realized that she, too, owed a duty to the Stars and Stripes—the pioneer woman who had stood beside her husband and loaded the guns with which he defended their home against the bushwhackers of the Civil War. Convinced by reflection, she finally rejoiced in being able to give her son to the flag. The evening of July 14 Pershing went over to Trenton in readiness for the contest next morning.

Seven stalwart boys presented themselves for the examination. One of them, to the surprise of the other six, was a negro. This was the first time that a member of this race had applied for appointment to West Point from that congressional district, and his appearance created quite a stir.

According to the schedule, the physical examination came first. One by one the boys were led into

the doctor's office and given a thorough test. Only two of those husky boys failed to pass. One was the negro. It was found that one of his feet was what is termed web-footed—that is, as in the case of a duck, there was a thin web of flesh connecting his toes.

The mental test occupied the next day. Pershing found that his experience as a teacher greatly aided him in this part of the competition. He could remain cool and at ease during the questions, whereas some of the others were nervous and agitated—not so much by the questions themselves as by a realization of the importance of answering these correctly. Here was a menace to mental concentration. John had seen the effect of such nervousness as a teacher, hence when he entered the room it was with the resolution to permit nothing to interfere with the solution of any problem that might be placed before him.

There was only one whom he really feared in the competition—a boy named Higginbotham, who had the reputation of being a brilliant student. However, John purposed to do the very best he could—and, if he did not win, it would be because Higginbotham was a better man.

Higginbotham was first to complete his papers, and he passed from the room with a confident smile. John still had to verify some of his answers before being satisfied that they were correct.

That night was a very anxious one. The whole town, being interested in the event, turned out the next day to hear the announcement of the outcome. Congressman Burroughs, very impressive in his frock coat, stood up with the important paper in his hand.

CHAPTER IX

Wins Honor at West Point; Graduated High in Class

AS Congressman Burroughs stood before the waiting crowd on that July day in 1882 to announce the winner in the competition for appointment as a West Point cadet, John Pershing felt a keener anxiety and dread than he ever had experienced. He knew he had done his best; but he did not know whether that best was good enough to defeat his competitor, Higginbotham.

It seemed an age while the Honorable Mr. Burroughs fumbled for his glasses, put them on, and made sundry other preparatory moves. As a further increase to the tension, he entered upon a lengthy preamble which was not unlike a political speech. At last he reached his main deliverance thus:

"After a thorough examination of the papers we find that John J. Pershing of Laclede is the successful contestant, having defeated Frank Higginbotham by one point. It is with great pleasure, therefore, that I shall send the name of John Pershing to the War Department in Washington as my appointment to the cadetship at West Point. In

accordance with the usual custom, the name of Frank Higginbotham shall go as his alternate."

Mr. Burroughs reached down and shook John's hand, warmly congratulating him on his victory. John replied:

"I believe this to be the greatest opportunity a man ever had. Although it seems hardly possible that this nation will draw the sword for a hundred years or more, I shall do my best to fit myself for any service our glorious flag may require."

Tearing himself from the many eager hands thrust toward him, he first sought his mother. There was a great pride in her eyes when she put her arms around him and whispered:

"My boy, I knew you would win."

Just then the winner saw his late antagonist, Frank Higginbotham, on the outskirts of the crowd, hurrying away to hide his disappointment. John ran over to him and held out his hand.

"I'm sorry—awfully sorry—that we both could not have won. I know how I would have felt had I been in your place. I don't want you to feel unkindly toward me, for I want to be your friend."

Frank took his hand with a hearty grasp and wished him the greatest success in his new career.

This competitive examination was only for the purpose of selecting the candidate for appointment. John discovered that he would have to pass

another and harder test at the Military Academy itself before he could actually be admitted.

The examinations at West Point were held in June and in September. Those admitted on the early tests had the advantage of the training at the summer camp. John was not appointed until too late to take the June examination. It was in September, 1882, that he reported at West Point. He found that very few were to be examined with him, the majority having reported in June. Many of those with him were the alternates of men who had failed to pass earlier in the year.

John had not been idle, and the stiff examination given by the army officers had no terrors for him. He passed with flying colors.

A cadet entered in September was at a great disadvantage, as John soon found. He not only had to apply himself to the hard curriculum of the institution, but he had to learn in a very brief time those soldierly duties which most of his classmates had spent all summer in practicing. Then, too, he had a feeling that he was an "outsider." Friendships had been formed among the men of his class at the camp which did not include him. Against these difficulties he had to strive.

The lowest class at the Point is called the "plebe" class and John quickly found that a plebe was regarded by the upper classmen as somewhat lower than the floors they walked upon. Hazing

was officially frowned upon, but young Pershing probably had his share of all forms of hazing that were practiced during the 80's at the Point.

The instructors found that in him they had a cadet who was worth watching. The academy never was a place for one who shirked his studies. The thorough confidence with which John prepared his papers, and his complete grasp of the subject in hand, commanded the attention of the officers and it was realized, even during his plebe year, that he would rise far in his chosen career. At the end of the year he was one of the leaders of his class. He was now what was termed a "yearling." For the first two years a cadet was required to remain at the academy. No leave or vacation was given until the end of the second year—when he was given permission to return home for three months, unless he was so far behind in his studies that it was necessary for him to remain and catch up.

With the prospect of returning home the next summer, John applied himself industriously. Cavalry instruction was not given until the second year. He interested himself particularly in this branch of the service. He loved horses, and the more he knew about them the more he loved them. A circus rider has no better training in equestrianism than has a West Point cadet.

Before the outbreak of the great world's war the cavalry was the preferred branch of the service,

and John Pershing, while in his "yearling" class, set his heart upon having the crossed sabers of the cavalry on his collar after graduation. He knew he would not be given the privilege of choosing the branch in which he would serve, and all such assignments were made according to scholarship; so he had an additional incentive for study.

John was given his furlough the following summer and arrived home in all the glory of his gray uniform on the Fourth of July, 1884. His mother was waiting on the steps for him, with the trace of tears in her eyes as she kissed her big soldier boy. The neighbors did not give her much opportunity to have her son to herself that first day, for they insisted upon overwhelming him with admiring attention. They were most curious about his life at the academy, and marveled at the striking uniform he wore.

All too soon the vacation was ended and he was back on the bluff overlooking the Hudson, hard at work again.

The next two years passed very swiftly. As a first classman John Pershing was made a cadet captain and given command of a Company. This was the highest honor that any cadet could receive during his course, and is further proof that he was considered by his superiors to be of exceptional worth not only as a student, but as a soldier.

At last graduation day came. John knew that

his name was high on the list and that he probably would be assigned to the cavalry. His determination had won again. As he sat in Cullum Hall that day and listened to the Commandant and the Secretary of War, he realized fully the lofty purpose to which he now had dedicated his life. That day he received his commission as a second lieutenant in the cavalry. This commission, signed by Grover Cleveland as President of the United States, is one of General Pershing's most valued possessions.

With the rest of his classmates, he rushed back to the barracks to find what orders awaited him.

CHAPTER X

Campaigning Against Indians—Enters the War with Spain

THE newly commissioned lieutenant, John J. Pershing, hurried to his quarters in the old barracks at West Point eager to learn where he would be stationed. In the orders from the War Department posted there he found that he was assigned to the Sixth Cavalry, then in the Southwest operating under General Nelson A. Miles against the famous Apache warrior Geronimo.

It was concededly a great honor to be immediately assigned to a regiment really in action, and Pershing fully appreciated this.

The young lieutenant found life in Arizona quite different from that at West Point. No longer was there need to put in the long hours of study which had been customary since he was a child; but there was plenty of work to do of another kind. There was continuous action against the Indians in those days. The different bands would attack suddenly some detached point and as quickly disappear. The troops were constantly at the call of settlers, and for weeks at a time Pershing was in the saddle almost continuously with his troop pursuing some of the elusive red skins.

In one of the army records of that period is a note concerning one of these incidents in which Lieutenant Pershing figured.

Supplies were urgently needed at one of the posts in August, 1887. The commandant selected Pershing to convoy the pack train which would carry these necessities. The young officer, with his troop and the pack train, set forth. Their way led through a desert. Hardly had they entered this when they became aware that there were Indians about. They could see the smoke signals all about them. Pershing pushed on with added speed.

Every mesquite bush seemed to hide an Indian sniping at them. Several times a band circled them, attempting to pick them off. Pershing successfully fought off these attacks with no casualties to his troop. For forty-eight hours he and his men held their way through that desert at top speed, with the ever-present expectation of being attacked in force. They knew that if that should happen, they would stand no chance of breaking through. The little band finally reached the fort, exhausted, but without the loss of a man or a horse.

General Miles, when he heard of this feat, officially commended Lieutenant Pershing as having accomplished a particularly fine piece of work.

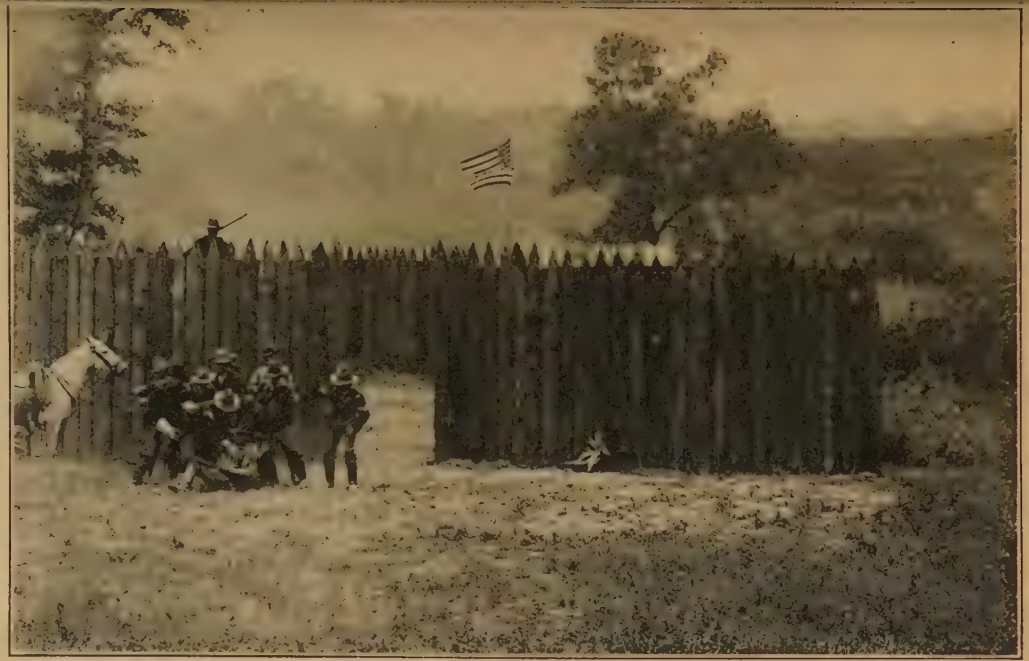
The young lieutenant later was transferred with a part of his regiment to Fort Wingate.

One afternoon a wounded cowboy fell from his

horse at the entrance to the fort. Soldiers rushed to his assistance; but, before he would permit them to attend to his wounds, he insisted that they send aid to his friends.

It appeared that, with a band of cowboys from his ranch, he had gone in pursuit of several cattle thieves. They rode hard on the trail all night and in the morning overtook and captured the band. On their way home with their prisoners they were attacked by more than a hundred Zuni Indians on the warpath. They took hasty shelter among the rocks and for hours held off the assailants, with the assistance of their captives. It was a long, losing fight. Several of the cowboys were killed and not one was without a wound of some sort. They knew that at nightfall the Indians would rush them and all would be lost. He told how he, under cover of a heavy fire, had made his way over the rocks and had hastened to the fort.

With not a moment to lose, Pershing took the few men who could be spared—about ten—and dashed to the rescue. Night was falling, but they could hear irregular shots in the distance. Pershing, fearing that he would not be in time, speeded up his party. When they were near the scene the firing increased. It must be that the Indians were beginning the rush that was to end the battle. Down the hill came Pershing and his little troop and burst upon the astonished savages from the rear with his



Scene from the William Fox photoplay of the life of General Pershing: "Why America Will Win"

The wounded cowboy brings word to the fort, commanded by Pershing, of the ambush of his companions by a band of Zuni Indians

few men so scattered that the Redskins could not estimate their number. The blue uniforms, however, gave them the impression that here was a force to be reckoned with; and, with a few scattering volleys, the Indians withdrew and soon were in full flight.

Pershing assisted the cowboys back to the fort and placed the cattle thieves in charge of the marshal there. The prisoners were well pleased with this arrangement, for they had expected to figure in a "necktie party," which the cowboys had threatened when they were captured.

In 1890 came the Sioux wars in the Dakotas. General Miles selected Lieutenant Pershing because of his knowledge of Indians and of Indian fighting to command the Indian Scouts. These were made up of Indians and were used chiefly to find and follow the slight trails left by the wily raiders. In this position Pershing was constantly in the fray and figured in many thrilling fights and ambushes. He was the idol of the men serving under him, and for this reason was able to get the best results from them.

It was not long before the last of the fierce tribes of the West were forced to a realization that they never could successfully combat the forces of the white race. One by one the tribes submitted and were placed under the paternal hand of the government on reservations, where their welfare was closely guarded.

In the early 90's Lieutenant Pershing was assigned as military instructor at the University of Nebraska, and about the same time— in 1892—was promoted to a first lieutenancy. Here, again, he found himself in the position of teacher. This time, however, he was teaching an art which by experience he was best qualified to teach. It is probable that his success in this position led the War Department to transfer him to that institution where he received his own war training—West Point. He was detailed as tactical officer. This position at the academy is not a popular one. The very nature of the work—being of a disciplinary character—is not pleasing and it was with full understanding of this that Pershing reported.

There was little reverence paid to the "tack," as the tactical officer was called by the cadets. They could appreciate, probably, the need of strict discipline, but they could not appreciate the man who administered it.

There is a story that on one occasion Lieutenant Pershing, upon opening the door to his room, received the contents of a bucket of water which had been carefully balanced there for that purpose. Probably he himself had helped to play the same sort of trick when a cadet. At any rate, there is no record that anyone was punished for this offense.

Several years of service in an official capacity at West Point is proof that his work there was exceed-

ingly efficient. No officer could remain there in that work for any length of time who did not produce the most satisfactory results.

Early in 1898 the United States battleship "Maine," lying at anchor in the harbor of Havana, was blown up. For years the tyranny with which Spain governed her island possession of Cuba had cast a shadow on the flag of liberty. This act of defiance furnished the spark that was to light the fire of freedom for the oppressed island.

The United States declared war. Great preparations were necessary for training an army of invasion. Every officer and every man was needed.

Lieutenant Pershing could not endure remaining at West Point while there was fighting to be done. He therefore applied for transfer to active service. His application was approved and he was transferred to the Tenth Cavalry, which was expected to be among the first troops to go to Cuba.

It is interesting to note that the Tenth Cavalry was a colored regiment—one of the best—with a brilliant record. This was the second time that Pershing had come in close contact with the negro race, and each occasion proved that he was capable of leading them.

CHAPTER XI

Distinguished Service in Cuba and the Philippines

THE Tenth Cavalry was one of the first to be sent to Cuba, and Lieutenant Pershing was again on the firing line. His regiment, unlike others, did not suffer from the great heat of the Cuban summer, and for this reason could be used most advantageously.

Theodore Roosevelt, who had been assistant secretary of the navy, had been instrumental in organizing a regiment, of which he was lieutenant colonel, composed principally of cowboys and hard fighters. They were popularly known as the Rough Riders.

With the Rough Riders and several other regiments the Tenth Cavalry was thrown against the hill of El Caney, near San Juan. The Rough Riders were deployed and advanced. A terrific fire from the blockhouse swept over them. On the unsheltered hill they were in danger of being cut off, when the gallant Tenth came tearing up the hill. The united strength of the two regiments carried the hill, and the Stars and Stripes were firmly planted on the island of Cuba.

Scene from the William Fox photoplay of the life of General Pershing: "Why America Will Win"

The capture of the blockhouse at El Caney. In this structure Lieutenant Pershing, commanding the Tenth Cavalry regiment which gave important aid in the attack on the shell-swept hill, first met Theodore Roosevelt

It is said that in this captured blockhouse Pershing first met Colonel Roosevelt. Their meeting under such circumstances may account for the warm admiration that Roosevelt has always shown for Pershing. It certainly gave him some knowledge of the ability of the soldier—a knowledge that he afterward acted upon.

There was a serious shortage of trained officers in the large volunteer army that had been hastily raised for the occupation of Cuba, and many younger officers of the regular army were transferred to the volunteers and given higher rank. Pershing was one of these. He had already been promoted to a captaincy in the regular army for bravery at El Caney; now he was commissioned as major in the volunteers and served as such throughout the remainder of the Cuban campaign.

Ordered to Washington, after his services in Cuba and the defeat of Spain, to take charge of the newly created Bureau of Insular Affairs, he was there but a short time when he received orders to proceed to the Philippines, in 1899, as adjutant general of the Department of Mindanao. Fate decreed that he was to be in those islands for eight years—a most important period in his life.

The Moros, that fierce tribe which the Spaniards, former owners of the Philippines, never could subdue, had proved as untractable when the United States took possession of the islands. Captain

Pershing—he had resumed his regular army rank after the Cuban campaign—was detailed against these savages. The Moros were the mighty people of the Philippines. They were by far the largest tribe among the many that inhabited the islands. They were separated into innumerable "nations," each under the rule of a petty sultan. Each of these sultans made individual war against the United States, with the result that they had to be separately subdued. And it often happened that as soon as the last had been subdued the whole program had to be repeated.

Captain Pershing served in several campaigns with success against various tribes until 1902. In April of that year he was ordered to report to Colonel Baldwin of the Twenty-seventh Infantry at Camp Vicars, in Mindanao. Colonel Baldwin had just completed the conquest of the Bayans under their sultan. Soon after the arrival of Pershing, Colonel Baldwin was promoted to be a brigadier general in recognition of his services and was appointed to the command of the Department of the Vicayas.

Captain Pershing was left in command of Fort Vicars.

On September 9, 1902, he reported to the War Department that there was danger of another revolt. There had been twelve desultory attacks since the Bayans had been subdued, and matters were rapidly coming to a head.

The Sultan of Maciu was the reputed leader of these new attacks, and Pershing decided to carry the war into his country. The Macius had their stronghold on a promontory on a lake. Heavy swamps shut off the promontory from the mainland, so that their fort practically had all the advantages of an island. In fact, the Sultan of Maciu often had boasted that his fort was impregnable.

Captain Pershing thoroughly reconnoitred the position and came to the conclusion that it was not so secure as the sultan believed. Discarding the idea of using boats to reach the point, he bridged it from several directions and attacked in force. The army of Maciu quickly recognized the superiority of the American forces and surrendered.

Things were fairly quiet at Fort Vicars that winter. Several minor attacks were suppressed, with no loss. In February, 1903, the Sultan of Bayan made a call of state at the American fort. He wished to inspect for himself the headquarters of the force which had conquered his people, to see if he could discover the source of their success. Pershing recognized the importance of the visit and made it one of great ceremony—such as was due a royal personage.

The sultan was greatly impressed, and swore eternal friendship to the American flag. However, he made a strong protest to a suggestion by Pershing

that the latter visit the sultan. As he cleverly put it, he didn't believe it would be advisable, as his people were very excitable. Pershing, disregarding the advice of the sultan, made the visit the very next month. He was courteously received by the sultan, when that dignitary saw the force of seven infantry companions and the battery of artillery with him.

The only entrance to the fort commanded by the sultan was by means of ladders; Pershing and his officers climbed these ladders and paid their respects at the oriental court of the monarch. As a part of the ceremony, the Stars and Stripes were raised over the fort and the artillery fired a salute of twenty-one guns. It happened that there were no blanks in the caissons of the artillery and the salute had to be made with shrapnel. It was the first time the natives had ever seen this kind of ammunition and they were much interested as they watched its effect on the trees of the jungle.

The sultan had a surprise for the American army officer, however. With all the love of the Oriental for ostentation, he created Captain Pershing of the United States army one of his Dattos.

A Datto of the Moro people is not only a prince, but he has certain religious and judicial duties which are very important in their eyes. Pershing had the unusual honor of being the first person not a Mohammedan to have this honor conferred upon him. He

did not care particularly about the honor, but it gave him a certain prestige with the natives of which he could make use in his capacity as governor of that province.

The Moros had not recognized the authority of the United States to govern them. All officers intrusted with executive powers worked, therefore, at a disadvantage. Here was an officer, however, empowered by the United States to govern the natives who at the same time was one of their own Dattos. Hereditary laws compelled their obedience to him, and they recognized his authority as their judge.

Such a condition was bound to produce beneficial results. The territory controlled by Fort Vicars became one of the most law-abiding in the Islands. The majority of the natives soon learned that they could secure more real justice from their American Datto than from one of their own race and religion. They came for miles around to let Captain Pershing decide their cases.

With the exception of a few of the outlying tribes, the region had been conquered. Acting upon orders, Captain Pershing set out thoroughly to pacify these.

CHAPTER XII

His Marriage, and Service in Japan; Appointed a Brigadier

IN April, 1903, there remained only one tribe of the Moros who had not been conquered by Captain Pershing in the district controlled by Fort Vicars on the Island of Mindanao. This tribe, ruled by the Sultan of Anparugano, was in the Taraca country on the eastern shore of Lake Lanao. It was farthest removed from the influence of civilization, and its members firmly believe they were more than a match for the American forces.

There had been many reports of disturbances in this part of the district, and Captain Pershing resolved to teach the agitators a lesson which they would not soon forget. He marched upon Lake Lanao with the greater part of his force. There was no chance of his surprising the enemy. Their scouts could follow closely the American force as it cut its way through the dense jungle with no danger of being observed. Any American force that moved through the Philippine jungle did so with the knowledge that at any time a bolo, hurled by a native, might whistle through the air.

After driving off several scattered attacks in the jungle Pershing arrived at Lake Lanao, where he

found the enemy in force. On April 10th he cleaned out the town of Bacolod by a heroic charge against the natives. It was a case of bayonets in the hands of his soldiers against the krisses of the Moros. The stamina of the white race was predominant, but the battle was so fierce that very few natives escaped with the news to their sultan.

Making his way around the lake, Captain Pershing fought a decisive battle with the entire force of the Sultan of Anparugano on the east shore of Lake Lanao and utterly defeated him—115 Moros were killed and seven wounded.

Making forced marches, Pershing hastened to the other strongholds of the natives and in a short time had captured ten forts which occupied formidable positions on the Tarac River. These he dismantled, and returned to Fort Vicars with the satisfaction of having pacified for the first time the Tasaca region of the island of Mindanao.

He was congratulated for these services by his commanding officer, and on May 11, 1903, Elihu Root, secretary of war, cabled:

"Express to Captain Pershing and officers and men under his command the thanks of the War Department for their able and effective accomplishment of a difficult and important task."

Soon afterward Pershing was appointed to the General Staff of the army and ordered to Washington, in recognition of his notable services in the

Philippines. This new post was one much sought after by army officers.

On September 16, 1904, he was selected by the chief of staff to take a course of instruction in higher maneuvers at the Army War College in Washington. This course was for the benefit of officers who were considered especially efficient in the art of war, and was usually preliminary to advancement to an important post.

It may be worthy of note, particularly in view of later events, that about the time Pershing was stationed at the Army War College the Kaiser, believing that he could impress this country with the military greatness of Germany, presented to the United States government a bronze statue of his warlike ancestor, Frederick the Great. This statue was accepted by the nation and a place was found for it at the Army War College—at the point where the Anacostia River joins the Potomac. Within the past few months this statue has been torn down, relegated to a basement, and may be turned into ammunition for use against the Kaiser. It is doubtful if the future commander of the American forces against the Emperor of Germany found this tribute to Teutonic autocracy and militarism any inspiration in his work.

About the time of his appointment to the Army War College, President Roosevelt, in the course of a message to Congress, spoke highly of Captain

Pershing's exploits in the Philippines. That day is a memorable one with Pershing. In the evening he received an invitation to dinner from Miss Millard, daughter of Senator Millard of Nebraska, who was prominent in Washington society. He accepted, little thinking that this dinner was to change the whole course of his life.

He found that he was expected to take in a Miss Frances H. Warren. He knew Senator Warren of Wyoming, who was on the Committee on Military Affairs, and surmised that this was his daughter. He found in Miss Warren a charming girl, and expressed a wish to see her again.

Later in the week there was a dance at Fort Meyer, across the river from Washington. Captain Pershing was there, of course, and so was Miss Warren. After that there were many meetings. The young woman was quite a belle in Washington, and Pershing, captured by Cupid, found he was not alone in his suit for her hand.

There are rumors that before Captain Pershing finally won her, a young naval officer was high in the favor of Frances Warren. The army was victor, however, and Senator Warren announced the engagement of his daughter to Captain Pershing on January 10, 1905.

Hardly had the engagement been published when the prospective bridegroom was ordered to proceed to Japan as military attaché to the American em-

bassy. The happy pair decided that Tokio would be a delightful place to pass their honeymoon, and preparations for the wedding were accordingly hastened. On January 27th they were married at St. John's Church in Washington. President and Mrs. Roosevelt were among the occupants of a front pew and were the first to offer their congratulations. The same afternoon Captain and Mrs. Pershing left for the Orient.

The first of the great modern wars was impending. Russia was becoming deeply involved with the empire of Japan.

Upon Pershing's arrival in Tokio the war was already in progress, and he was to have the privilege of being the first American officer to watch the mighty preparations for conduct of a war by modern methods. He was assigned as an observer by the Japanese government to go with the army commanded by General Kuroki. He went through the whole campaign with that victorious general. His observations on this occasion were to be of great advantage in his future work. He made a complete report to the War Department which was remarkable for the insight and care with which he analyzed the campaign. As a recognition of his services the Emperor of Japan presented him with the Order of the Sacred Treasure. As no American officer could accept a decoration, or any mark of favor, from the ruler of a foreign country, Secretary

Root asked Congress to grant special permission for the captain to retain this distinction.

President Roosevelt for many years had taken a personal interest in Pershing. He had noted many instances of the sterling worth of the man. The American army in those days was notably slow in the matter of promotion. Each advancement, according to custom, was made in the order of seniority.

Captain Pershing stood well up in the list of captains, but in the ordinary course of events several years would probably elapse before his promotion to higher rank.

President Roosevelt was not authorized to make promotions except by the regular method. He was authorized, however, to make appointments, even from civil life, to two ranks—that of second lieutenant and that of brigadier general. That the nation might have the greatest possible benefit from the unusual qualifications that Pershing possessed, the President, in a way that was customary with him, shocked the country and many hide-bound officers of the army by sending to Congress on September 15, 1906, the nomination of Captain Pershing for brigadier general.

CHAPTER XIII

Suppression of the Moros; Tactics in Jungle Warfare

AS was to be expected, many protests were entered against the confirmation of President Roosevelt's nomination of Captain Pershing for brigadier general. There were 852 officers who were his superiors in rank, and most of them had been longer in the service. Although many regarded Pershing as the most competent officer in the army and fully deserving of promotion, they felt that this should be brought about in the regular way and not by special preferment. A lobby was organized to combat the confirmation of this appointment by the Senate, and the fight continued several months. It grew very bitter, and several ridiculous charges were made reflecting upon Pershing's character. These were shown to be absolutely without foundation, and on December 6, 1906, the appointment was confirmed, and Pershing was commissioned a brigadier general.

His first assignment as an officer of this grade was to the command of the Department of California. This post was selected for him before his confirmation by the Senate, and he had not yet

been commissioned when he was ordered to take command of the Department of Visaya in the Philippines on November 15, 1906.

There was prospect of further trouble in the Islands, and General Pershing was the best man they could select for the task of firmly placing them under the American flag for all time.

While he was in the Philippines on this assignment three beautiful children came to bless the general and his wife. It is probable that the happiest days of his life were spent there.

General Pershing ruled over the department with an iron hand, and no serious trouble resulted —although there was a continuation of guerrilla warfare that made it dangerous to attempt much for the development of the Islands. The idea of conferring self-government upon the Filipinos was seriously considered even at this time. Pershing opposed this proposition. He held that, since the natives never had been accustomed to take care of themselves, if they were suddenly placed in a self-governing position, the sequel would be disastrous not only to the United States, but to the natives themselves.

President Taft had given orders not to press any campaign against the Moros; therefore Pershing, in compliance with these orders, merely held in check an open rebellion.

After three successive years in the tropics General

Pershing's health failed, and he obtained a three-months leave to return home, arriving in this country on January 17, 1909, with his family. He was soon back at work in the Islands, however, and in 1910 was in complete command of the Department of the Philippines after Major General William P. Duvall retired and until General J. Franklin Bell, his successor, arrived.

Upon the occasion of the celebration in Hong Kong of the coronation of King George of England, in June, 1911, Governor General W. Cameron Forbes of the Philippines named General Pershing, then in command of the Department of Mindanao, and Justice Charles D. Elliott, member of the Philippine Commission, to represent the Philippines. This was one of a series of celebrations that were held in each of the many countries under the dominion of Great Britain.

The next year, in August, 1912, Pershing again was chosen to represent the United States, being appointed special attaché of the commission, headed by Secretary of State Knox, to attend the funeral ceremonies in honor of the late ruler of Japan, Emperor Mutsuhito.

These two missions were only incidents in the career of the military governor of the province of Mindanao. His chief work in the Philippines was yet to be accomplished. The nonaggressive policy of the adminstration was called to a halt when the

Moros, under the Sultan of Jolo, began to wage active war against the American forces.

General Pershing had always held that, once these ignorant people had been thoroughly taught not only that the United States was stronger than they, but that under its rule they would prosper and be well cared for, they would cease this continuous warfare. A lesson of this kind would undoubtedly be a severe one, but to accomplish its purpose it should be strong enough to make it well remembered.

The lax rule of the civil government of the Philippines was the cause of much of the trouble in the Islands. Some of the more isolated tribes, indeed, had come to believe that the United States was afraid of them when it did not seek to punish their misdeeds.

When the serious outbreak came, General Pershing was given a free hand. The Moros that he was called upon to bring to terms had mobilized in the crater of an extinct volcano called Bud Dajo, on the island of Jolo. To drive this tribe out of the crater had been a task with which the army had contended vainly since 1906.

Pershing told his officers that the Moros would come out of that crater if it took him ten years to do the job. There were six hundred of them—every one a Mohammedan fanatic—in the crater fortification when the general started to "clean out

the mountain hole." Without Bud Dajo safely and securely in American control the Moro problem never would be solved.

With one thousand men, half of them his own trusted troopers and the others picked Filipino scouts, the campaign was opened. The Americans and the scouts had to proceed through miles and miles of dense tropical jungle, opposed almost every yard of the way by the hidden Moros. But Pershing kept on and finally fought his way to the foot of the mountain. His jungle fighters cut a trail around the mountain, and, fortifying themselves against attack from above, began the siege. He formed a complete cordon about the old volcano and calmly instituted a campaign of watching for the first sign of a move by the Moros to leave the crater—waiting for his chance to get them if they tried to cut their way through the cordon.

In their retreat to the crater the Moros had been so hotly pursued that for once they had been unable to take with them the supplies that would make possible a long stand. At last the iron ring began to make itself felt, and in small detachments the Moros tried to gain the open by dashing through the American lines. Every dash was frustrated, the fanatics rushing forth to certain death.

Finally, on Christmas Day, 1911, the four hundred Moros still left in the crater did something that a Moro seldom had done; most of them marched

down the mountain and surrendered. A few broke to the jungle, but the regulars pursued these, and in the end they paid the penalty of their daring.

With Bud Dajo captured, General Pershing set forth to finish his task. On January 11, 1912, there followed, on La Seit, a stiff engagement which resulted in the death of eighteen Moros and the serious wounding of two Americans. For nearly eighteen months more the campaign lasted. Every few days there was a skirmish of some sort, but Pershing was determined not to pause until the Moros had been completely subdued and the authority of the American flag recognized. That task may be said to have been accomplished when he won the battle of Bagaag in June, 1913. The Moros had made a last stand, and the Sultan of Jolo, who commanded them, had told them that he would become lord of the United States as well as of Jolo in the event of American defeat. At dawn on June 12 General Pershing ordered his artillery to open fire and followed this by a charge of his cavalry and infantry forces. The battle ended in complete victory for his men, and marked the final break of all Moro opposition to the American rule.

The Moros and all the unruly tribes of the Philippines had finally learned their lesson. They realized that the United States was not only a mighty nation, but one not to be trifled with. They learned

that the Stars and Stripes, as personified by the general who had conquered them, was a potent emblem and its protection not to be despised.

It is probable that no one in the Philippines regretted more keenly than did these same Moros General Pershing's departure when he received orders, December 11, 1913 relieving him of his command in the Islands and calling him back to America, where a greater task awaited him.

CHAPTER XIV

Pershing's Family Tragedy; Mexican Border Raids Begin

UPON his return to this country after pacification of the Philippines General Pershing was stationed at the Presidio, near San Francisco.

Early in 1914 the political situation in Mexico became so chaotic that the United States could not afford to overlook it. For several years a reign of terror had existed within the borders of that republic. At times there was some promise of a stable government, but in every case the promise lasted only until some new bandit was able to obtain a sufficient following to overthrow the existing authority. Madero, the president from whom great things were expected, had lately been slain by the ambitious and unscrupulous Huerta, who had assumed the presidency and was attempting to rule a small portion of Mexico by the force of his outlaw soldiers.

There was a suspicion even at that time that a mighty nation across the Atlantic was the guiding hand behind Huerta. It is now known that, even before the outbreak of the great world's war, in August of the same year, Germany had her agents in Mexico and was conducting a strong propaganda against the United States.

Germany long had maintained a keen watch for attractive commercial opportunities. Mexico was rich in metals so necessary to Germany, which lacked an adequate supply. Mexico had some of the richest oil fields in the world. The United States and Great Britain had developed these resources, and they were most important. Germany had a strong belief that if she could instigate trouble between the United States and Mexico she might be in a position to seize some of the concessions and privileges that had been enjoyed by this country.

It is known that Germans did aid in the financing of Huerta's revolution and advised him in some of the steps that were taken under his direction. Controlled by these influences, Huerta offered a grave insult to the Stars and Stripes.

The United States had stood for much during the turbulent times in Mexico because it knew that it was dealing with an irresponsible people and felt that a nation as great as this could afford to overlook many things. An impressive lesson must be administered, however, to prevent a repetition of the offensive acts.

As one of the first measures General Pershing was ordered to take command of the Eighth Brigade, with headquarters at Fort Bliss, near El Paso, Texas. No one knew then whether Mexico could be induced to make suitable reparation for the

insult or whether the United States would find it necessary to force such reparation.

General Pershing arrived at Fort Bliss on April 28, 1914, and after an inspection of the forces at his command made this statement:

"I am ready to take the field on five minutes' notice."

But the time for an invasion of Mexico with the armed forces of the United States had not yet arrived. General Funston, who was in Command of operations in that region, placed General Pershing at the head of the important border patrol, which had supervision of all imports and exports. It was his duty to see that neither Huerta nor any of the various leaders received arms from this side.

Pancho Villa at this time was in control of the rich Mexican state of Chihuahua. He had defied the power of Huerta and set up a nominal government of his own at Chihuahua City. As a means of obtaining sufficient revenue to operate his government he had established a miniature Monte Carlo. Things flourished in Chihuahua after this. With plenty of money Villa grew stronger, and this government, not realizing the true character of the man, seriously considered recognizing him as the ruler of Mexico.

General Bliss, chief of staff of the army, went to El Paso and had several conferences there with Villa, in which General Pershing, in his official

capacity, took part. Nothing definite came of these conferences, however, and the disturbances continued.

Villa, although very prosperous, was not able to secure enough arms and ammunition from the American side to hold his state against his rivals. Huerta was finally deposed, but Carranza, who had been growing stronger, stepped into his place and declared his former ally, Villa, to be a bandit.

It was at this critical stage that General Pershing received a telephone call at headquarters on the morning of August 27, 1915. The operator asked if he should read a telegram for the general which had just arrived. Requesting that this be done, the general heard a dread message that Mrs. Pershing and her three children had been suffocated in a fire that consumed their house at the Presidio.

General Pershing had prepared a home for his family at Fort Bliss and expected to send for them as soon as the heat of the summer was past. Mrs. Pershing and the children meanwhile had been occupying quarters at the Presidio. Many of these houses were of light frame construction and extremely inflammable.

Mrs. Boswell, wife of Lieutenant Boswell, and a relative, were occupying the house with Mrs. Pershing. Mrs. Boswell was awakened by the roar of the flames, and with her maid awakened her two children and then called to Mrs. Pershing.

She then opened the door to the hall. A gust of smoke drove her back and she saw flames in the hallway. She took her children to the stairs, but saw that they were cut off by fire, and retreated through her room to the roof of the porch.

The noise of the fire had by this time aroused several of the officers and men, who broke in the doors of the house, but were forced back by the flames. Mrs. Boswell, from the porch roof, called to them and threw her two children to them safely, then jumped herself.

The officers understood that Mrs. Pershing and the children had escaped, but Johnson, the Pershing's aged negro servant, whom they had found in the Philippines and brought with them to America did not see any of the family in the little crowd that surrounded the house, and dashed through the smoke and flames to search for them.

He found little Warren Pershing on the floor of his room unconscious and carried him from the house. Other rescuers found the mother and the remaining two children in that part of the house most damaged by the flames. All three were dead.

Warren was hurried to the hospital at the Presidio and tenderly cared for. He quickly revived and moaned for his father.

General Pershing was completely stunned by the blow that had fallen upon him. He hastened to the Presidio to be with Warren and to take the

bodies of his loved ones to Wyoming. Mrs. Pershing had always claimed Wyoming as her home, and had expressed a desire to be buried there.

After the sad journey General Pershing decided to leave Warren, his little son, in the care of his sister, Miss May Pershing, who lived in Lincoln, Nebraska, as he could not personally care for the child.

His duties meanwhile were calling, and, heavy of heart, he hurried back to the border.

Villa was being hard pressed. Carranza's forces were taking his strongholds one by one, and he was fast becoming the bandit he was called. Desultory attacks were made on American citizens residing in Mexico. It is known that the German agents again were at work, this time with Villa, endeavoring to precipitate trouble between the United States and Mexico.

Villa had managed to obtain some arms and ammunition through agencies in this country. These, however, were not in sufficient quantity to make it possible for him completely to regain his power. It had been intimated to him that if he could force the United States to intervene in Mexico, the overthrow of Carranza would establish him at the head of a popular government. Villa seems to have grasped readily at the bait.

One morning in March the country awoke to the news that the Mexican bandits under Villa had

actually made a raid on an American town, the little city of Columbus, New Mexico. With a fusillade the Mexicans had dashed through the place, murdering inhabitants as they went, before an alarm could be given. A few had made a desperate stand, but had been overwhelmed by force of numbers. When the troop of American cavalry which had been hastily summoned reached Columbus, the Mexicans had vanished.

CHAPTER XV

Pershing's Pursuit of Villa; Becomes a Major General

THE United States called for the punishment of the Mexican bandits who had raided Columbus. Immediate orders were issued for an expeditionary force to follow Villa and put an end to all raids on our southern border.

General John J. Pershing was given command of this force and he decided to use Columbus as a base. He arrived there in mid-March, 1916, and three days later had mobilized 12,000 picked troops, forty mountain and field gun batteries, and several regiments of cavalry—among them was the Tenth, his old regiment. He immediately set out with this force in search of Villa. Across the burning sands of Northern Mexico he forced his march. In forty-two hours he covered 110 miles—a record-breaking march in that country with so large a force. At Casas Grandes he formed a base from which to conduct his operations. Thence he sent his cavalry in all directions in search of the bandits.

Villa had escaped to the mountains with only a few followers. Most of his men deserted him when they realized that this time the United States was in earnest, and that if they remained they would

probably be wiped out. In the remote mountain passes, where he was practically alone, it would be extremely difficult to locate Villa.

While the Carranza government had nominally granted permission for United States troops to cross the border in this case, German propaganda had been so active that the Mexicans felt exceedingly bitter at the occupancy of their country by Pershing's army. Several attacks were made on detached troops by Mexicans who were believed to be under the command of Carranza. He disclaimed all responsibility for these acts, but said that he was not always able to control his men. He realized, if none of his countrymen did, that intervention in Mexican affairs by the United States would be disastrous—at least to those Mexicans who had any personal ambition to gratify.

In April the effects of the propaganda had reached such proportions that Carranza followers and civilians of the town of Parral made an unprovoked attack upon unarmed American troopers. A party of men from the Tenth Cavalry had approached the town seeking to purchase food. The townspeople demanded that they leave their arms behind when they entered. This the troopers did, not suspecting any trick. Once within the town, a murderous fire was opened upon them from the houses. Two Americans were killed and the remainder retreated toward their camp. Those in the camp, hearing

the shots, advanced and fired several volleys into the Mexicans, killing forty and dispersing the remainder.

General Pershing immediately sent additional troops to Parral and demanded an explanation. Carranza declared that none of the men who participated in the attack were of his army, but were irresponsible townspeople. It was impossible to verify this statement, but Pershing demanded that Carranza make good his promise to use his troops in aiding him to clear the district of all Villa forces.

On June 25, notwithstanding Carranza's assurances, two troops of the Tenth Cavalry were attacked. They were on a march and had approached the apparently deserted village of Carrizal.

An ambush of Mexicans had been arranged among the ruins of the adobe houses. Waiting until the Americans were close at hand, they poured a withering fire into their ranks. Quickly recovering from their surprise, the troopers prepared for action. A vastly superior force was in the ruins equipped with machine guns with which they were able to mow down the troopers. Notwithstanding these odds, a band of forty-three were able to cut their way through the surrounding Mexicans and make their way back to the American camp. Twenty-four troopers were captured and placed in a filthy Mexican jail.

General Pershing, upon hearing of this outrage,

notified Carranza that, if he did not see that these men were returned to American soil immediately, he, himself, would take measures to have them returned. Carranza after many excuses, at last had the men returned.

Conferences were arranged with the principal Mexican leaders after this affair, and the American ambassador-designate in the United States promised hearty co-operation by the Carranza forces. Carranza had begun to fear that the presence of the American forces would cause him a loss of prestige in the eyes of his followers, and he was willing to concede almost anything if the American army should be withdrawn. He did make a pretense of keeping order, and no other overt act was committed by his followers during the remainder of Pershing's stay.

On December 25, 1916, Pershing received his promotion to be a major general. He was the youngest officer of this exalted rank on the army list and the only American officer who had commanded a division in actual warfare.

The great European war had been raging for two years. Germany was in difficulties. She despaired of winning the United States to her side, as had been thought possible during the early days of the conflict.

Always ruthless, Germany decided that she must be still more ruthless. The policy of an unrestricted

submarine campaign was advocated. Germany did not believe that this would cause the United States to declare war upon her. She had seen the nonaggressive tactics with which America had handled the Mexican situation. She believed that, even through our ships were sunk in the submarine campaign, a few more diplomatic notes on the subject would be the only result. She believed that we had no effective army, and that it would take years to raise one that would be worthy of the name.

During the Villa campaign the United States, however, gave a very effective demonstration that it was possible to raise an army within a reasonable time.

Hardly had Pershing's little army crossed the border when President Wilson sent out a call for the mobilization of the National Guard throughout the country. In a very short time these troops were on their way to Texas to undergo preliminary training.

They had been called to face possible serious trouble with Mexico; and such was the fame of General Pershing that every National Guard regiment would gladly have followed him into hotter regions than Mexico.

The raising and training of this army should have taught Germany that it was possible for the United States to raise and train an effective army

in an emergency, but the lesson was evidently wasted.

The unrestricted submarine campaign had been definitely decided upon and a curt warning was given to America. President Wilson replied that he would take measures to protect American ships, and diplomatic relations with Germany were severed.

General Pershing had been recalled from Mexico on January 28, 1917. It is true that the primary purpose of the expedition had not been accomplished. Villa had not been captured; but, with no followers, he was powerless to injure America. Pershing had dissipated the Villa command, and any search for him personally would have been like searching a haystack for a needle. The ultimate purpose of an American army in Mexico had been accomplished. Order had been restored on the border. An American citizen could travel in Northern Mexico and feel reasonably certain that he not only would reach his destination, but would be able to return home. More important still, an American could live near the border without fear that his family would be murdered by bandits at any moment.

Pershing had taught Mexico that America was to be respected and the rights of American citizens guarded. It was with the satisfaction of having accomplished these results that he left Mexico.

General Pershing always had been an advocate of universal military training as a means of national protection. He foresaw that the United States would eventually be enmeshed in the world war. At various times he had both written and voiced his views on this subject.

After diplomatic relations with Germany were broken it became a matter merely of weeks or months before there would be a declaration of war.

The General Staff of the army and all officers of high command were consulted about the method of raising and training an army that would be large enough and sufficiently well trained to be able to cope with the great war machine of Germany. General Pershing was in favor of resorting to a draft as the only fair way to create an effective army in a reasonably short time. This was as near to universal service as was practicable. Accordingly a general registration was ordered and all the young men of the country who were physically sound and had no dependents were inducted into the army of the United States.

CHAPTER XVI

Named to Command Army; His Arrival in France

ON May 8, 1917, Major General Pershing received orders from the War Department to proceed immediately to Washington for a conference. It was popularly supposed at that time that he would have an active part in the training of the new army.

No one then believed that the United States would be able to send any substantial force to the scene of the war for a year at least. President Wilson, however, knew that if America was to win the war, measures must be taken immediately for effective operation. Her allies, England and France, were doing noble work, but their resources were becoming depleted. A campaign of preparation had to be inaugurated in the shortest time possible, so that the American forces would be ready against the time of need.

Arriving in Washington, General Pershing was informed of the secret plans of the government, and drafted an outline of operations in conjunction with Marshal Joffre, commander of the French army, who was here on a special mission for his government.

On May 24, Pershing was summoned to the White House. The President wished to give him certain instructions. What these instructions were never will be definitely known; but in view of later events it is to be presumed that President Wilson mapped out the war policies of the government and intrusted him with the vitally important task of winning the war for America.

General Pershing was regarded as the only logical man for this work. He had a long list of military victories to his credit. He had the reputation of never attempting a task in which he did not succeed. He had the stick-to-it-iveness that always wins. He had the essential ability to lead men and to make them love him. In short, he was the ideal commander—the man who will take his men through thick and thin, always looking out for their welfare before considering his own.

Four days later, on May 28, with his entire staff and a number of enlisted men from engineer regiments, he sailed for England on his way to establish general headquarters near the front in France. Great secrecy was maintained about this sailing, for it was evident that Germany would be willing to sacrifice any number of U-boats to prevent the arrival of this distinguished officer in Europe. On June 6 the ship was met by destroyers flying the Stars and Stripes, which convoyed it through the submarine zone. On arrival in port, a special

train was awaiting the party, and soon they were in London.

Pershing's arrival in England marked the dawn of a new epoch. It brought high encouragement and hope to the nations that had been suffering and giving their all for three years in the grim struggle of democracy against autocracy. America's entry into the conflict meant a new and mighty weapon against the Kaiser. Her army, under Pershing, would be the deciding factor in the victory that was sure to follow.

At the earliest possible moment King George received General Pershing and his staff. Simplicity and cordiality marked this reception at Buckingham Palace. General Lord Brooke, commander of a Canadian brigade, presented the American commander. With a warm handclasp the king greeted Pershing.

"It has been the dream of my life to see the two great English-speaking nations more closely united," said the king. "My dream has been realized. It is with the utmost pleasure that I welcome you, at the head of the American contingent, to our shores."

He talked at length concerning the plans of the United States, and took occasion to become acquainted with each member of Pershing's staff.

Leaving the palace, Pershing motored to the American embassy, where he had a conference

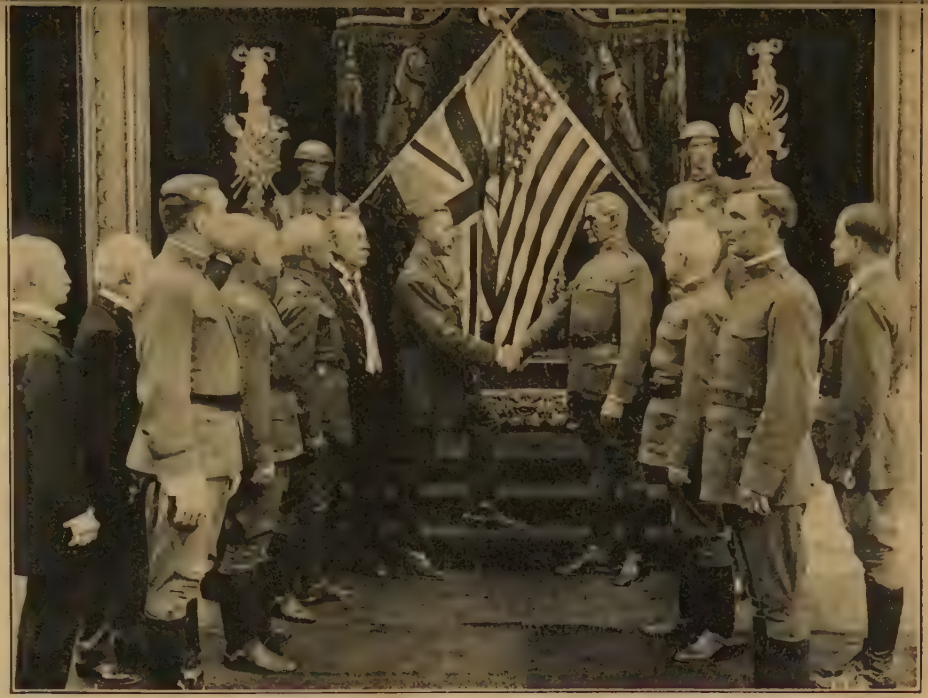
with Ambassador Page, who later took him to the British War Office for a series of important meetings with the General Staff of the British army.

The general was deluged with invitations of a social nature while in England. Many of these he was able to avoid on account of important business, but his host would not accept all declinations, and every free moment he was fêted as a hero.

On the 13th of June he had an opportunity to inspect British fighting methods at first hand. He was taken by army officials to a training camp to watch the intensive instruction in trench work and other branches of modern warfare. General orders issued by Pershing, to the effect that the visit to England might be regarded in the light of a holiday, were generally disregarded, and much work was accomplished by both the general and his staff before they left for France.

If the general had been hailed with delight in England, words cannot express the reception accorded him by the French as soon as he set foot upon their soil. General Dumas, commanding the northern region, met him at the pier in Boulogne, and expressed the feeling of all France as he greeted him:

"I salute the United States of America, which has now become united to the United States of Europe," he said.



Scene from the William Fox photoplay of the life of General Pershing: "Why America Will Win"

The reception to General Pershing at Buckingham Palace was marked by simplicity and cordiality. King George greeting General Pershing with a warm handclasp

It was the first time in history that a soldier wearing the American uniform had landed on the European continent with sword in hand for the purpose of using it against an enemy. It was a historic moment. Drawn up on the quay was a detachment of French infantry in battle uniform. They had come only recently from the trenches. As the American chief greeted their colors they came to salute and stood like statues as he passed slowly down the lines.

It was with great emotion that the general reviewed these grizzled and middle-aged veterans. There was not a youth among them—that little detachment of the army of France. Each face showed an eagerness of welcome, and the few Americans present felt a heartthrob of pride at the splendid way in which the American commander fitted into the picture. His whole bearing reflected energy, determination, and a sympathetic understanding. Even Frenchmen in the crowd—those who had seen warriors by the million during the past three years—declared that they never had seen a finer looking soldier.

The news of the arrival spread rapidly, and before General Pershing could get into his car to drive to the station, a great crowd had congregated along the streets in response to the cry, "The Americans have come!" Thunderous cheers greeted the general as he passed along, and, turning to the French commander at his side, he remarked:

"This reception is of great significance. It makes us realize to the fullest the importance of American participation. America has entered the war with the intention of doing her share, no matter how great or how small that share may be. Our allies can depend upon that. From the present moment our aims are the same.'

The towns along the route from Boulogne to Paris had been advised of his coming, and at each station crowds had assembled to greet him. At Paris he met with the greatest reception that had been given to anyone since the outbreak of the war. From the moment the fortifications were reached every housetop, wall, and window was filled with cheering French—men and women. At the Gare du Nord special cordons of troops lined the platforms, while ranks of soldiers flanked every street for blocks and patrolled the route of the party all the way to the Hôtel de Crillon in the Place de la Concorde, which had been placed at General Pershing's disposal as his headquarters.

Paris turned out by tens of thousands, and it seemed that everyone was waving an American flag. Cries of "Vive l'Amérique!" became a sustained roar all along that densely crowded way.

Among the many prominent officials who greeted General Pershing upon his arrival were Marshal Joffre, General Foch, the American ambassador, and M. Painlève, minister of public instruction and a member of the Council of Defense.

The masses in the streets, as they followed the automobiles from the station, seemed to regard the coming of Pershing in the same light as they would view the advent of the army itself. He was the living, concrete proof that America's gigantic resources and boundless reserves of man power were at last definitely coming to the aid of France. They forgot the sufferings of the past three years; they forgot the rumors that some of the Allies were making a separate peace; they forgot the menace of the submarine. Here at last was America to help them —America, which had always stood in popular imagination as the symbol of limitless greatness.

In the person of the simply dressed American commander they were cheering the whole American army—millions strong if need be—to carry the war to victory. They saw the Stars and Stripes, emblem of liberty, at last going forward beside the tri-color to the battlefields of France.

As General Pershing stood on the balcony of the Hôtel de Crillon that warm July day and looked down upon the cheering multitude, a thrill came to him like that which must have possessed the great Lafayette when he arrived at the headquarters of the little Continental Army and was greeted by the first American soldiers in our great struggle for freedom.

As in the case of Lafayette, his presence was a promise of aid in the time of need. He realized that,

although France was giving him her greatest token of appreciation, these cheers were intended for the mighty nation, a sister republic, whose uniform he wore. He was exalted in the name of the United States; but he would not have been human had he not felt also a personal satisfaction in being the representative of the nation for whom the cheers were intended.

It was not possible for the general to refuse acknowledgment of this reception. In a few words he told of his mission:

"As a man and as a soldier, I am profoundly happy—proud indeed of the high mission with which I am charged. It is important to announce that we are the precursors of an army that is firmly resolved to do its part on the Continent for the cause the American nation has adopted as its own. We are conscious of the historic duty to be accomplished when our flag shows itself upon the battlefields of the Old World. It is not my rôle to promise or prophesy. Let it suffice to tell you, we know what we are doing and what we want."

CHAPTER XVII

Making Ready in France; First United States Force in France

IMMEDIATELY after his arrival in Paris General Pershing was treated with a deluge of invitations similar to that he had experienced in London—but multiplied many times. He was in Paris, however, to work. He had to make things ready for that great vanguard of the American army that was ready even then to leave America whenever he should give the word.

He opened his headquarters as soon as they could be made ready. They were the kind of headquarters that any American business man would like. No ostentation—none of the red tape that formerly was considered a necessary adjunct of any army headquarters. Pershing's office soon was noted as the busiest spot in Paris—and all Paris has been a pretty busy place since the war began.

It does not require much imagination to understand the nature and requirements of the preparations necessary for the shelter and care of a half-million or a million men. Pershing knew that eventually the American camps in France would aggregate possibly a city as big as New York. But he had the genius of a great organizer.

Engineering, transportation, and supply problems were to be on a big scale. The study of these problems and the actual work proceeded with the same system, and despatch as if they had been worked out in the office of a big corporation at home. All day long General Pershing was in conference with various department heads. Work of this sort did not tire him. Big difficulties seemed to challenge his zeal and interest.

He knew, even in those first days after his arrival, that France was expecting a great deal of this country, and that America would have to live up to every expectation—and even more. All France was wondering what America could do and how soon she would do it.

France was familiar with the traditional reputation of America for "hustle." America had already traversed in three weeks the stages that took England two years, or nearly two years, to pass. In the very beginning she had adopted obligatory service. She had subscribed and oversubscribed in a space of days the largest loan of all times. She had taken up at the earliest moment the struggle against the submarines. With such speed in evidence France had a right to expect much. Pershing was the man to give her all she expected.

An interesting event occurred in those early days of the American commander's stay in the French capital. It came as a dramatic climax to the cere-

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Landing at Liverpool, England, General Pershing was warmly greeted by the mayor of the harbor city, while the military stood at attention

monies attending his arrival. It was on the occasion of a visit to the Invalides, the tomb of Napoleon. Here the sword and the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor which had been worn by the great French soldier were presented to Pershing for a moment. This signal honor France had never before bestowed upon any man. No Frenchman ever had been permitted to hold these historic relics in his hand. They could be seen under the heavy plate glass, but until now they had not been handled since the time of Louis Philippe.

General Pershing had been conducted to the crypt by Marshall Joffre, who followed the precedent that only a marshal of France could remain covered in Napoleon's presence. The great key was inserted in the brass door of the crypt, and Marshal Joffre drew aside while General Pershing faced the door alone. He paused a moment, then stepped suddenly forward and turned the key. The party entered. The governor of the Invalides, proceeding to a tiny alcove at the side, drew out the sword and, after kissing the hilt, tendered it to Pershing. The general received it, held it at salute for a moment, and then he, too, kissed its hilt.

As one of the staff officers said later: "It was more than a historic moment; it was epic. General Pershing at the tomb of Napoleon will live in history the same as Washington at Valley Forge."

To say that Pershing was awed in the presence

of the mortal remains of the great Napoleon does not adequately express his feelings. The very atmosphere of the tomb gave an impression of the grandeur, the vast purpose, and the domination that possessed the living man. The stillness of the tomb, the impressive ceremony, the reverence of his companions—even the traditionally military etiquette which Marshal Joffre observed—made the American general realize that here was a man who lived on though long in his grave. The man and the soldier he could not help but admire. With his policies, General Pershing naturally differed. Napoleon was essentially the conqueror, while everything Pershing represented was irrevocably determined upon an anti-imperialistic policy. But in this tomb the American soldier could feel Napoleon's presence and the guiding hand of the great man.

It was not long before Pershing was ready to receive the first of that great American army that was preparing to pour into France. Arduous work for three weeks had been necessary to accomplish this, but the work had borne fruit to an almost unbelievable degree. He informed the War Department that a great base camp had been made ready and that every detail for reception and transportation in France had been worked out.

There was great necessity that this work be rushed. A large contingent of American troops was already on the ocean and was expected at any

time. With the assistance of Marshal Joffre, General Pershing had selected as a base where the newly arrived forces could receive their preliminary training that section south of St. Quentin. This sector of the allied line was to be turned over to the American troops as soon as they had been sufficiently trained.

On June 26, 1917, the arrival of an unusual number of ships was signaled to a port "somewhere in France." At last the American force for which France had been waiting for several weeks had reported. The port commander put out in his launch with several American officers. A veritable armada presented itself to the awaiting officers. Huge transports were crowded with men in the familiar khaki of the United States uniform. On every side were those greyhounds of the sea, the convoying destroyers, and here and there a big cruiser.

The transports were taken in charge by tugs, which towed them to their appointed berths. By this time the townspeople had awakened, and crowds began to gather at the docks. As the transports were brought slowly beside the quays the officers brought their men to a salute. Then came resounding cheers from all the transports, to which the populace responded. Near the docks were some men who did not reply to these cheers. They were German prisoners, who gazed in open-mouthed astonishment at the spectacle.

Suddenly all the whistles of the craft in the harbor began in a wild welcome. The news that the Americans were arriving spread with remarkable rapidity. Shouts of "Vive la France!" and "Vive les Etats Unis!" seemed to come from every throat in the crowd, which was thickly dotted with the uniforms of French soldiers and sailors. American army officers from Paris and American naval officers from everywhere began to appear as if by magic, together with French general officers.

The work of debarkation progressed steadily. A temporary camp was prepared in town until this had been completed. On the morning of June 28th General Pershing, accompanied by General Pelletier of the French army, arrived to inspect this vanguard of the great American army that was to pour into France and stem the hordes of the Hun. General Pershing expressed himself as highly pleased that an operation of such magnitude had been accomplished with so little preparation and without the loss of a single man, either by accident or by sickness.

The officials of the French town turned over their authority to the American commander for the purpose of maintaining discipline among the troops. General Pershing, in the interest of good order, issued an order that read:

"For the first time in history an American army finds itself in European territory. The good name of the United States of America and the maintenance

of cordial relations require the perfect deportment of each member of this command."

To the credit of American troops, who now have been in France and in England for more than a year, and who have multiplied a thousand times, they have held to the very spirit of that order issued by General Pershing to the first contingent of the American army "over there."

From the time of the arrival of the first American troops in France General Pershing has encouraged any religious activities in the army. The early training he received at his mother's knee was his inspiration. A profound belief in God's aid to a just cause, characteristic of the world's really great men, possessed him always.

Abraham Lincoln was noted for his unwavering dependence upon the Almighty. In the most serious days of the Civil War he was known to seek guidance in prayer, and by prayer he was consoled in the midst of his greatest sorrows. General Pershing, too, seeks guidance in prayer, and through him the hand of the Almighty may be seen directing the armies of freedom in the cause of right.

The attitude of their commander is an inspiration to the men in his command. To him directly is due the credit for the great work that is being accomplished by the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, the Y. M. H. A., and the Salvation Army. No mother of an American in France need fear for

the morals of her boy under such a man. General Pershing personally inspires his men in a moral way. He realizes, too, the mother's anxiety in the home back in America, and constantly advises all his soldiers to write home regularly.

On the Fourth of July following the arrival of the American army all France celebrated the American holiday. A battalion of the expeditionary forces, about to leave for its training camp behind the battle line, had its first official review in Paris, and was the center of the celebration. In the chapel before the tomb of Napoleon, General Pershing received from the hands of President Poincaré American flags and banners. Almost the entire history of the struggles of the French against the Germans looked down upon the scene from paintings portraying heroic incidents in battles from the time of Charlemagne to Napoleon.

The enthusiasm of the vast crowd reached its highest pitch when General Pershing, escorted by President Poincaré, Marshal Joffre, and other high dignitaries, passed along reviewing the lines of Americans drawn up in a hollow square.

Cheering broke out when the American band struck up the "Marseillaise," and again when the French band played "The Star Spangled Banner." The crowds that had waited for over three hours to witness a ceremony that lasted fifteen minutes cheered frantically after the departing Americans.

The crowd in the Court of Honor was so great that it was a half-hour before the people could get out.

While the American troops were in Paris they were quartered by the French government in an immense five-story stone barracks and supplied with everything necessary to their comfort. Arrangements had been completed by General Pershing for their occupancy of the training camp, and it was only necessary for them to wait for transportation.

The United States, on account of the limited number of vessels then at her disposal, was hampered in those early days by the lack of shipping space. Equipment was being supplied as rapidly as possible, but for a while the first expeditionary force felt a shortage in many of the supplies.

CHAPTER XVIII

Pershing's Men Have Their First Contact with the Foe

BY July 20, 1917, General Pershing had arranged with the government at Washington to provide a regular trans-Atlantic transport service for provisioning and bringing general war supplies to the American Expeditionary Force.

Thus the United States was to supply all the food for the troops. There was a world shortage in food in the summer and fall of 1917. The enormous armies maintained by the Allies had made a stupendous drain upon all kinds of foodstuffs. The use of all the available man power by these same nations had created a shortage of labor for the fields, and the supply of grains and other foods was less than ever before.

The United States, before entering the war, had been sending England and France all the supplies that could be spared. Now that America was raising a huge army of her own she had an additional call upon her resources, and some way had to be devised to provide for the world's food supply.

Upon the request by General Pershing that the food situation be taken in hand, the United States

Government appointed a food administrator, and the whole country set out upon a policy of food conservation. All available food was sent to Pershing and his army and to our Allies. After America's food reserves had been thus applied, the people saved enough out of their normal consumption to supply the American and allied armies until the following harvest.

Since vast numbers of ships were required to transport troops and food, and the number of ships was constantly decreasing owing to the submarine activities of the Germans, General Pershing put in operation a plan by which many of the supplies needed by the army could be manufactured in France out of raw materials brought from America. The raw material would take up only a small percentage of the space that the manufactured goods would occupy.

Artillery and ammunition was needed at once and in large quantities. The United States had no immediate facilities for turning out guns in the quantities needed. The French army had a large number of the best guns that could be devised and facilities for turning them out in vast numbers. Pershing decided it was better that the United States purchase these guns from the French government than to wait upon the American factories.

In every detail that related to the efficiency of the army General Pershing believed in getting the best

that was available—in food, in clothing, and in equipment. He knew that nothing so seriously impairs the morale of an army as ill-fed and dissatisfied men. He knew that disease often kills more men than the bullets of the enemy, and he resolved that this should not be the case with his army.

Pershing not only had to see that his men underwent a severe training to prepare themselves for their entrance into the front-line trenches, but he knew that he must undergo a similar training himself in order to be fitted to lead them properly when the time came.

Every moment that could be spared from his organization work he spent at the front observing the tremendous operations of the opposing armies. The first of these visits to the front was on June 20, 1917, when he visited Sir Douglas Haig, the British commander-in-chief. After this he was frequently at the front—especially when the forces of either side were engaged in some large offensive movement. Thus he had opportunity to observe the particularly effective work of the French under General Petain at Verdun during the latter part of August, 1917, and again with the British at Cambrai. These battles, not only were of interest to the American commander, but were a lesson in huge operations, involving millions of men, which later was of great advantage to him.

On August 31st he had completed his great preliminary organization work in Paris and, wishing to be nearer to his army, moved his headquarters to a town near the training camp of the American Expeditionary Forces. He wanted to supervise personally the training of his men, so that they would be able to take their places in the trenches at the earliest possible moment.

The American army was increasing weekly by thousands. All stages of training were to be seen in the various camps. All of this training work was new to both officers and men. The world war had brought new weapons, new methods of using weapons, and tactics that were unfamiliar. French and British officers and men had been detailed to teach the Americans the use of these weapons and methods. The Americans proved apt students, and in a very short time some of them had become more expert than their instructors.

President Wilson had been urged to give General Pershing and several other American generals rank equal to that of European officers with similar commands. It was not fitting, he was told, that the American commander-in-chief should be outranked by a British or French officer, who occupied a subordinate position. As a result, on October 4, 1917, Congress decided to revive the rank of general and to create both Pershing and Tasker H. Bliss, the chief of staff, full generals.

With the elevation of General Pershing, the only officers superior to him on the front were Field Marshal Petain and Sir Douglas Haig. The American army never had the grade of field marshal. By the promotion of Pershing and Bliss, these two held a rank in the military service of the United States which heretofore had been held by only four soldiers. George Washington was a general in the Revolutionary War. However, when he resumed his military position in anticipation of a threatened war in 1779, it was only with the rank of lieutenant-general. Ulysses S. Grant and William Tecumseh Sherman were the only other generals.

Under the provisions of the act that created Pershing a general, all commanders of units larger than a division in the field will have the rank of lieutenant-general, as is customary in the European armies.

In the latter part of October, 1917, General Pershing felt that certain units of his forces had received sufficient training to occupy first-line trenches. Preparations were made to have them replace French troops and hold a sector of the line. Under cover of darkness these troops marched from the little village where they had been quartered—itself nearly under the fire of the enemy—through roads nearly impassable with deep, sticky mud. Missouri mules strained at the machine guns that led the march. After these a long column of infantry,

the men swathed in their ponchos and the rain glistening on their steel trench helmets. The Americans swung along as proudly as though on dress parade, notwithstanding they had marched miles that day and still had some miles to go. There was absolute silence in the ranks, for the Germans might at any moment discover their approach and shower them with shrapnel.

Nearing the trenches, they passed another silent line marching in the opposite direction. It was the French battalions whose places they were taking on the front line. The flashlight of a French officer revealed that here were the long-expected Americans, and soft greetings of "Vive 'l Amérique" came from the poilus, who forgot their weariness at the sight.

The troops entered the trenches safely unit by unit, passing quickly to the positions assigned to them by the French liaison officer, who had remained to conduct the transfer and report the special activities of that particular sector to its new occupants.

The trenches were found to be extremely muddy, but of excellent construction. The Americans settled down to their new quarters, and at daylight got their first view of the German lines stretching away for miles under the dripping clouds.

General Pershing kept in close touch with the front that night. As he sat in his headquarters surrounded by his staff, with the clicking of tele-

graph instruments, the voices of telephone operators monotonously repeating orders, the dull booming of big guns, and the occasional flash of a star shell brightening the night, he could fully realize the great responsibility that had been placed in his hands. He was the first officer of the United States Army in more than fifty years who had been intrusted with the lives of a great army of citizens. He knew that these men taking their places on the front line of the great battlefield were but a small representation of the millions to follow them. It would mean much if good fortune should be with these men.

All night the general listened to the frequent despatches that came from the front.

With the dawn General Pershing's face brightened in a smile that would have rivaled a more cheerful sunrise. His men were safely in their appointed places, a part of the fighting line was guarded by the Stars and Stripes; America at last was firmly on the road that led toward Berlin. The armies that were to follow these men into the trenches would do so with an unshakable confidence. The first stage of his mighty task had been accomplished.

For several weeks that portion of the sector remained quiet. The Germans made their customary "strafe" or bombardment each day, but no damage had been done.

On November 5th, however, the Germans appeared to have learned that Americans were occu-

pying the sector opposite them. They opened with a heavy barrage fire that cut off one salient occupied by a company of infantry for special instruction purposes, and then raided the trenches with a superior force. Three Americans were killed, five wounded, and twelve captured in this engagement—the first since the United States entered the war.

General Pershing gave convincing proof to his men that his high position did not cut him off from close touch with them, for as soon as those soldiers who were wounded in the raid had been transferred to the base hospital he visited them and gave to each a personal message of friendship and sympathy, at the same time commending the fine American spirit they had displayed in the fight.

"I want to congratulate you," he said. "We all envy you the honor you have won. The whole army and the nation are proud of you and your comrades for the fine bravery you showed in a most trying situation. You are the men who have brought home to the people of the United States that they are really at war. I hope that you will have a very quick recovery."

The men, deeply touched, murmured a few words of thanks, and the cheeks of more than one who had been dug from a wrecked trench were wet with tears. The time was soon to come when the Huns would pay a thousand fold for the deaths of the first patriots to fall on European soil in the cause of liberty as personified by the Stars and Stripes.

CHAPTER XIX

Pershing Places United States Army at the Disposal of General Foch

THE day was at hand when the soldiers of General Pershing were to tackle the greatest task at arms the American nation had ever known. The little army that had begun to arrive in France in July, 1917, by January, 1918, had become a force of nearly half a million men, and tens of thousands were arriving weekly. The half million that Pershing had at his command were nearly all trained men capable of taking their part in the mighty conflict that had been raging for three years and a half. He knew that Germany would put all her available forces into a huge drive in the spring. Her resources were fast ebbing, and this would probably be her last chance to force the issue before she was placed wholly on the defensive. Pershing felt that the American troops should bear their share in withstanding this great drive.

Mountains of supplies had been collected by order of the general in preparation for this day. A railroad system that would rival many in this country had been constructed and equipped by Pershing's engineers. Supply depots covering acres of ground had been located in three base towns back of the

American lines. New ports had been opened and put in operation to facilitate the handling of millions of tons of shipping that were arriving to supply the army. In short, Pershing had "accomplished the impossible." In this short time he had taken the raw men that were sent to him, and made a trained army of them. He had taken the raw supplies that were sent to him and manufactured supplies for his army. It was a task worthy of a Hercules—but it had been done.

General Pershing felt that Secretary of War Baker, in the interest of the nation, should visit and inspect this great army. There should be one in authority in America who could know, first hand, what had been accomplished and what would be the future needs of the army. On March 10, 1918, Secretary Baker arrived in France for such an inspection, and, after extended visits to the front and to the various training camps, could find no words to express adequately his amazement at the work that Pershing had accomplished in so brief a time.

The immense detail of the War Department however, was calling for its head, and Secretary Baker could remain only a few weeks, although he declared that if the good of the country permitted, he would prefer to remain at the front, even as a private soldier under Pershing, rather than occupy a desk at Washington.

With Secretary Baker, General Pershing had perfected the details of the first field army of the American forces. This was the largest unit used in modern warfare and was the first to be put in active service by the United States. In conference with the French high command, it was arranged that this first American field army should take over a front of approximately 100 miles. At last the world was to know that the Stars and Stripes was in the battle line to stay.

On March 21st the Germans began their long-expected drive. The greatest artillery attack the world has ever known announced the opening of the battle. The startling news that the Germans had invented a supergun that could fire a shell seventy miles and that one of these giant weapons actually was bombarding Paris flashed over the world.

Masses of men the like of which never before had been used were thrown upon that point where the British and the French troops joined. Unable to prepare against such a terrific assault, the British were hurled back by sheer weight of numbers. Ten—twenty—even thirty miles the Germans advanced. Hundreds of thousands of German troops were sacrificed by the order of the Kaiser to gain these miles. Masses were used in such close formation that the British guns were able to mow them down by the hundred and thousands.

The allied commanders foresaw that the German drive would wear itself out by its very fierceness and wisely adopted a policy that would involve the sacrifice of as few lives as possible and at the same time do the greatest amount of damage to the Germans.

In the vicinity of Chauny, several companies of American engineers were engaged in railroad construction. They suddenly found that the British with whom they were working had been cut off in their sector from the remainder of the army so, dropping their tools, they seized rifles and fought like demons until all the enemy were either killed or captured.

The whole world waited anxiously for the Allies to stop this drive. It seemed to those waiting that the German hordes were actually about to break through and achieve their objective. Every reserve in the allied armies was being rushed to the front.

Day and night tenseness overhung the general headquarters of the high command. Disaster seemed to have placed her hand on the forces of the Allies. General Pershing was one of the little group that planned and labored during those ominous days and age-long nights. Strategic plans to stem the hordes of the Hun were elaborated. There was one element in all of these plans that the allied commanders could not meet. There were no large bodies of reserves to enable the forces of freedom to make any effective counter-attack.

The continuous rumble of the mighty drumfire of the great guns on the front was plainly heard in Paris. It seemed as if Satan himself was playing a bass obligato to the tramp of millions of Hun feet on their march to the city of despair. As regularly as the pendulum of fate, a sharp crash would shake the city as the devilish gun of the Germans hurled death and destruction upon the defenseless city. Churches, hospitals, and homes were indiscriminately battered and ruined.

It was enough to shake the hearts of the strongest men; but the brave citizens of that great city had an unshaken confidence in the commanders of their armies—they felt that the time had not yet come when they should again see their fair city in Teutonic hands.

General Pershing sat in the councils of the staff. He labored on the great strategic plans. He felt the tenseness and he saw the confidence of the people of Paris. He knew that America alone of the Allies had the man power to form the necessary reserves to meet the enemy and hurl them back. True, his men were lately arrived—they had not passed through the necessary training that all the commanders deemed necessary before they could take their places beside the veterans of many battles. But he knew that his men were Americans. He knew that they could be trusted to hold their part of the line with the traditionary bravery

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General Foch and General Pershing at the latter's summer quarters in France. General Pershing places the army of the United States at the disposal of General Foch to aid in stopping the final desperate drive of the enemy

of their race. He knew that their morale would counterbalance their lack of training. All night he pondered this question. In the morning he went to General Foch, the commander of the gallant French army.

"There is at this time no other question than that of fighting," he said. "Infantry, artillery, aviation, all that we have, are yours to dispose of as you will. I have come to say to you that the American people would be proud to be engaged in the greatest battle in history."

France gladly accepted the offer of the American troops, and a place was assigned to them in the battle line. There was great rejoicing in the American camps that day. Hurried preparations were completed, and soon thousands were under way. Great army trucks filled every road leading from the American encampments. Long lines of artillery ploughed through the mud. Men in olive drab marched by the thousands. The American army was going to the front to help stop the Germans.

It was during this great crisis that the Allies completed a plan that was to have the result of solidifying their forces against any drive the enemy could make. Heretofore the army of each country had been under the separate command of its own generals. During the great spring drive of 1918 the disadvantage of this arrangement made itself

heavily felt. There was a lack of co-ordination between the British and the French armies of which the Germans took advantage, and it was a disunited front that met them. It was seen that in order to fight the enemy most effectively there must be one supreme commander of all the armies in the field.

At the Allied War Conference it was decided that General Foch of the French army should be given this supreme command and should assume the tactical defense and offense of all armies in the field. Thus for the first time the allied nations were putting a united front against the enemy.

The March drive was halted. Following in swift succession came two other great drives, each of which was less effective than the preceding one.

The presence of Americans in the battle line was making itself felt. Raw American regiments had been brigaded with British and French divisions to be given the training that heretofore had been confined to their training camps. Other regiments and divisions held a part of the line alone. Under such an arrangement Pershing's forces soon became as efficient as the regulars with whom they fought.

On April 4, 1918, King Albert of Belgium conferred upon General Pershing the Grand Cross of the Order of Leopold, the highest mark of distinction that Belgium can bestow. This was in appreciation of the great work he had accomplished against the invader of Belgium.

By May, 1918, new arrivals of troops had increased Pershing's command to more than a million men. A force of this size was one to be reckoned with, and the high command decided that General Pershing should be given a command that not only would include the American army, but also several units of the French and British armies. His forces had become so important a factor that General Pershing, even at that time, held the same relative rank in the Allied War Council as did Sir Douglas Haig, commanding the British army, and General Petain of the French army. This did not mean that the American forces could properly be compared numerically with the French or the British; but it did mean that the Allies anticipated the important rôle that America soon was to play in building up those necessary reserves, and in bringing up the much-needed man power to the battle lines at a very critical time.

There was no tendency to wait until further American reinforcements arrived before giving General Pershing duties commensurate with the importance of the aid America was fast developing.

The United States could well feel proud of her achievements. No other nation in history ever had dispatched and maintained an army of more than a million men to a battlefield more than 3,000 miles distant. She has given her all with the

same cheerfulness as has France, without the same pressing motive. Her motive was a beneficent one, while that of France was self-preservation.

America intrusted her sons to the care and the leadership of her ablest soldier, and she is depending upon that man — General Pershing — to win for her and the world. General Pershing has shown that he is the man for the work and that the world will not be disappointed in him.

CHAPTER XX

Pershing's Surprise Party for the Kaiser; He's There to Win

ABOUT the middle of July the fourth great German drive of 1918 began. It was directed against that part of the line held by the American forces under General Pershing, between the river Aisne and the Marne. The Hun hordes seemed to run into a stone wall when they hit the American line. They were hurled back after the first onslaught with great loss, and numerous guns and men were captured.

It is evident that the German high command believed that the Americans were untried and weak and that a tremendous offensive would stand the greatest chance of breaking through their line.

At Chateau-Thierry, the apex of the salient held by the American Marines, they launched their utmost powerful assault. The German crown prince, in command of the Teuton forces, soon realized, however, that his great general staff had made a most serious blunder. These Americans who were expected to retire so readily stood more firm than any army the Germans had yet faced.

Immediately behind the line was the tall, gaunt figure of the American commander. The men in the front line could feel his presence inspiring them to victory. General Pershing had his hand on the very nerves of that great struggle—which resulted in the first signal victory for the Stars and Stripes.

It was a contest not only of men—it was a contest of the brains and stamina of an American general against the egotistical operator of a German machine. It was a contest of the Almighty God of right against the visionary god whom the Kaiser boasts is with him.

Instead of waiting for the enemy to complete their drive, a great counter-attack was made at once by Pershing, co-operating with the French. On the 18th of July, without the customary preparation by artillery, he launched this counter-attack on a front of thirty miles. The lack of a great artillery preparation before such an attack made the action one of complete surprise to the Germans, and their artillery reaction was weak.

In the short space of six hours as much territory was retaken as the Germans had spent six days in capturing. Twelve towns were taken by the Americans, and 6,000 prisoners. Great quantities of military supplies and important plans fell into their hands, for their advance had been so rapid that the Germans had not time to remove these before the Americans were upon them.

General Pershing had begun to make his presence felt upon the Western Front. A signal victory had marked the entrance of the Stars and Stripes in the first battle of importance in which it had appeared.

Up to this time the German Kaiser and his commanders had belittled the effect the entrance of the United States would have on the ultimate outcome of the war. Now they had tangible proof that America was not only in the war, but in the war to win. No longer could the Kaiser keep from his subjects the fact that American forces were in the battle and that they were there in numbers large enough to turn the tide of battle against that perfect military machine which the German people had been taught to believe could not be beaten. The Germans had been told that their redoubtable warriors could force the issue and a favorable peace before Pershing could put enough trained men in the field to turn the tide. Here was a time when this confidence would be shattered.

Germany was on the verge of a collapse. The only thing that prevented this was a carefully fostered confidence in ultimate victory. With this confidence gone, it was believed that shortly the great Teutonic empire would crumble internally from the pressure applied by America and her allies.

General John J. Pershing was given the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath by King George of

England on July 17, 1918. This most signal distinction was concrete evidence of the recognition of his services by the British government. It is doubtful, however, if General Pershing appreciates this distinction as much as he did the winning of the book on the life of George Washington at the school contest of his boyhood days nearly fifty years before.

Ever since that time he has been working for something definite. He is working for something definite now. His task is of broader scope than was that of our first president, Washington. Washington was the builder, the founder of his country; he was working for the freedom of that country. Pershing to-day is working for the freedom of the world.

General Pershing had now about 1,250,000 troops under his command. The U-boat menace had not proved a handicap to the transports, which were regularly plying their way three thousand miles across the Atlantic, each loaded to capacity with the flower of American manhood.

Pershing's drive against Chateau-Thierry, the apex of the great salient held by the Germans, the throat of which lay between Rheims and Soissons, heralded a pincer-like movement on the part of the French on the east and the English on the west, to nip out the Hun forces in the salient.

A large portion of the American forces were held

as a unit to smash the point of the salient with their fresh vigor. Numbers of others were brigaded with the French and English in order to give the actual experience of offensive tactics. This was to be the final course of the stiff training to which they had been subjected from the time that they had landed in France.

Now commenced a series of hammer blows from each angle daily. The Germans resisted stubbornly —but they gave way. Each day saw the Allies three to five miles farther into the salient.

The morale of the enemy was shattered at last. Crown Prince Rupprecht had an immense army of reserves to the north in Picardy which he was saving for some planned offensive. It had been thought that he would immediately throw these reserves into the breach and attempt to stop the allied drive. For some unknown reason, these reserves were not used.

On July 29th the river Marne was entirely free from the Germans, and they were retiring fast. The jaws of the pincer were closing in upon them.

On the 30th, Pershing again threw the American forces at the German center at La Fère on the River Ourcq. The flower of the Prussian Guard regiments —the shock troops of Germany—opposed them in vain.

Across the river came the Americans in the face of a hell of shrapnel and machine-gun fire. The

Germans had blown up the bridges that spanned the river, but Pershing's engineers had hastily constructed two pontoon bridges in the face of this fire, and on these the Americans crossed and soon were in possession of the town and the river.

The German retreat became a rout. The Huns had no other idea now than to evacuate the salient before they were all captured or exterminated.

Pershing and the American troops had proved themselves in their first big assault.

To General Pershing and to his men was due no unimportant credit for the success of the entire movement. Thirty thousand Germans were captured in the two weeks. The number of guns and the quantity of supplies captured were enormous. So fast had the enemy retreated that *he did not have time* to set fire to and destroy even the immense ammunition dumps.

The Allies immediately took possession of these and turned them to their own use; the ammunition they turned against their former owners.

The Germans continued their flight until they had crossed the Vesle River and took up positions there which had been prepared for them in expectation that here they would make their stand.

The big salient was then entirely wiped out. The allied forces stood in practically the same positions they had occupied before the great spring drive of the Germans. The immense drives and the enor-

mous waste of men had availed the enemy nothing—he was in a much worse position than he had been at the beginning of the season.

The Germans had had high hopes for the year of 1918. They had believed they could press the Allies so hard before Pershing could bring enough of his fresh American troops into action that they would win the decision of the war.

But—Pershing was ready. The Americans had been able to put into the trenches not the small, miserable force that the Huns had expected, but an army that was big and effective enough to swing the tide of force against them.

Pershing had the men. It is true he was not directly responsible for the fact that the men were in France; but to Pershing was due all the credit for making these men—raw from the farm and from the enervating life of the cities—into first-class fighting men, men who could inspire the tired, worn soldiers of France and England into fighting demons that would carry all before them.

France recognized the debt she owed America—there was only one way in which she could express her gratitude. General Pershing was requested to come to the great military headquarters.

President Poincaré of France was there. With him were all the high commanders of the French army and the dignitaries of state. President Poincaré advanced to General Pershing and, standing on

his tiptoes, pinned the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor upon the American general's breast as he said:

"I am delighted to present the Grand Cross to the organizer and leader of France's valiant ally and brave army under his command for the gallant work done in recent weeks upon the battlefields."

Then, in accordance with the time-honored custom, the president of France kissed General Pershing on both cheeks, while the great square rang with the cheers of the French regiments assembled there.

CHAPTER XXI

Americans Wipe Out St. Mihiel Salient; Pershing Brings War into Germany

Foch, now marshal of France and high commander of the Allied Forces, was beginning to make felt the results of a strategy of a single purpose and a united army.

Blow after blow was directed against the German lines—all with the object of hitting the enemy where he was the least prepared, and then following up with another assault at a different point to prevent him from using his reserves effectively in a counter-assault.

Now, at the outset of the war, the French had driven against the Germans in Lorraine, and they had held there against all German attacks an area of the enemy country. There was, however, a big salient still occupied from the beginning by the Germans, which had its apex at the town of St. Mihiel.

This salient was ever a menace against Verdun. It was also a protection for the important German fortress of Metz. So far, it had resisted any attempt on the part of the Allies to take it.

Pershing had selected the Lorraine sector as that to be taken over by the American troops as soon as they were sufficiently trained. It was here that the first of his army had gone into the front-line trenches. Back of these lines were the immense training camps of the newly arrived contingents.

Each unit of these, when they were trained, was sent into the trenches. Several large units had been taken to the Chateau-Thierry sector; others had been brigaded with the French and English for post-graduate training.

After the proving of these troops and the stamina of American troops had been shown, the first American Field Army, under the direct command of General Pershing, took over the whole St. Mihiel salient, with the exception of the northwest leg of the angle, which was occupied by the French.

Marshal Foch had planned a blow at this salient. It was due, and he was so struck by the success of American tactics in the Chateau-Thierry assault that he left all the details of this most important attack in the hands of the American commander, General Pershing.

By a most happy coincidence, it happened that the great attack was planned for the day that President Wilson had chosen for every man in the United States between the ages of eighteen and forty-five to register for the selective service that would create the mammoth army that would

effectively wipe Teutonic oppression forever from the face of the globe.

At 4.30 o'clock on the morning of September 12th, General Pershing gave the word, and from the thousands of American guns shrieked the hail of shot and shell that leveled all German defense.

Four hours this roaring storm lasted. General Pershing had put the whole force of his personality behind his sure knowledge of his men. He had guaranteed his men to Marshal Foch, and his men knew this, so it was with a wild shout of victory and song that they went over the top at the appointed time.

The Huns did not know what to make of this wild charge. They had never seen anything like the fierceness of these soldiers from America, whom their officers had taught them to despise.

Whole companies—battalions—regiments even—threw up their hands and yelled "Kamarad," as they saw these demons charging down upon them.

Secretary of War Baker had for the second time arrived to visit the American troops at the front, and he was with Pershing at the headquarters when the first news of the victory began to come in from the front wave.

Pershing had known his men. He was absolutely certain of what they could do after the training he had given them. This was the first time he had had the opportunity of proving his men to the world.

He was glad Secretary Baker was there to see first hand that American troops were equal if not superior to any in the world. Here was the refutation to all the assertions of the enemy and his propagandists that America could not produce a fighting army for years.

Pershing had done this.

His men went forward in two waves. They were moving according to a schedule that had been arranged in advance and they were driving ahead faster even than this schedule.

With the troops went the tanks. There were a thousand or more of these, and they devoted themselves to crushing the isolated machine-gun nests and the refugees in the woods that the infantry had passed in their mad rush.

Five miles were gained before the Americans halted their advance to consolidate their positions.

General Pershing, Secretary Baker, and the General Staff advanced into the captured territory. As they passed through the town of St. Mihiel, the town that had been wrested from France over four years before, the women pressed around the general's car and kissed his hand. They were overcome with joy because of their deliverance from the long period of German oppression and because the flag of their beloved France would again fly above them.

There was desolation everywhere. The American shells had made a desert of the positions the Germans had held.

The prisoners were beginning to come in. All told, 8,000 Germans had cried "Kamarad" that day. Untold quantities of munitions and winter supplies were captured.

The next day was General Pershing's birthday—the 13th of September. This might have seemed an unlucky combination. It was—for the Germans.

The artillery preparation began at 1:30 in the morning, and at daybreak Pershing again sent his men forward. Before the day was over, 155 square miles of German territory had been captured and the whole salient of St. Mihiel had been wiped out. This was a tremendous birthday celebration for Pershing. It was not only the first single-handed victory for the American troops, but it was one of the big victories of the whole war.

President Wilson cabled:

> "Please accept my warmest congratulations on the brilliant achievements of the army under your command. The boys have done what was expected of them and have done it in the way we most admire. We are deeply proud of them and of their chief. Please convey to all my grateful and affectionate thanks."

As soon as the lines were consolidated and strong front-line positions were constructed, the long-range American guns began a constant bombardment of the forts of Metz. Metz is a most important factor in the defense of the precious Rhine country of Germany. It is to the Germans what Verdun is to

the French, and they were prepared to defend this fortress city to the utmost.

It was the first *German* city to be besieged during the great war, and Pershing was the man who was to bring the war into Germany.

The American forces in France are on their way to victory. They know that victory must await them because it is Pershing who leads them. They feel the utmost confidence in their general because he has proved to them that he is worthy of their confidence.

No army commander can expect to have the confidence of his men without being just. Pershing has a reputation of being just to a fault. His men know that if they have a grievance Pershing will adjust it for them if it has any foundation. He will take their part against their officers as readily as he will reprimand a private for some infraction of regulations.

A story is told of Pershing based upon a flying trip of inspection. He passed a weary column of troops on march, with their sixty-pound packs on their backs. Their colonel had ordered them to turn out for long lines of empty motor trucks which were passing, headed in the same direction. Pershing saw the envious looks the men gave the passing trucks; he stopped his car and sternly reprimanded the colonel.

"An American soldier will fight harder," he told

him, "live on less food, and accept more hardships than any other soldier on the face of the globe; but he can see no reason why he should have to walk when there are empty trucks going in his direction. Neither can I."

The colonel swallowed the reprimand with the best grace he could muster, and thereafter permitted his men to ride when there was an opportunity.

American soldiers appreciate a man of this caliber. They are willing to fight through the regions of warm repute for him. They know he is always looking out for their welfare, and if at times they suffer from the lack of anything, they know it is because it is not possible to obtain that thing, or because Pershing is unaware of the situation.

Ever since that day when, as a boy, he was called upon to make a speech in school Pershing has disliked to speak in public. As commander of the American Expeditionary Force and as member of the Allied War Council he has been in positions where he has had to speak, not only directly but diplomatically. He has represented his government in these conferences, and he knows that it is essential that anything he says be construed only in the way it is meant. Hence he speaks very little, but to the point.

The general works harder than any of his staff. He familiarizes himself with detail in a surprising degree—so much so that if a subaltern making a report stumbles, the general is able to correct him.

It is as though he were not after information so much as confirmation, when he listens to a report.

The general impression that Pershing gives is that matters are safe in his hands. There is no Napoleonic magnetism in this American, but something better and more enduring. He earns confidence.

It is usually the quiet and unostentatious way in which he does things that gains for him this confidence. A trooper, utterly exhausted, rode in with an important report and begged the officer for something to eat. The officer conducted him personally to the mess tent, ordered the cook to give him a good meal, and left him there.

The cook obeyed in open-mouthed amazement and turned to the trooper.

"Do you know who that was?" he asked.

"No," answered the man; "who is he?"

When told that the officer who had ordered his dinner was General Pershing himself, the trooper would hardly believe it; but such consideration won him, as it has won thousands of other soldiers in the American Expeditionary Force.

The general is a firm believer in personal neatness and "smart" appearance as a mighty good thing to uphold the morale of the army. He himself is neat almost to a fault. Witness how, as a young man, he always took great pains with his personal appearance —how he had a custom of putting his trousers under the mattress of his bed to keep them in press. He

has carried this trait all through his life and into battle-torn France.

His officers, and their men as well, must follow carefully the regulations he has issued in regard to uniforms. They must shave and keep their belongings clean, and unless a man has recently come from the trenches—where it is impossible to follow the regulations—or has been doing other similar work, woe betide that man if General Pershing happens to see him in disordered condition.

It is of great interest to know the real Pershing. It is from his life and his character that America knows she is going to win. A knowledge of the real man was the principal factor in causing President Wilson to choose him to bear the Stars and Stripes to victory. It was his fine character that led the Chief Executive of the nation to intrust the lives of millions of American young men to his hands—not only to lead them, but to safeguard them in every possible way for the sake of the American mothers and wives at home. The President had confidence in Pershing, and America has confidence in Pershing; and Pershing will win.

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